DOCTOR WHO

THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

THE HITCHHIKER'S COMPANION

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Behind the scenes at the recording of Fit the Seventh at the BBC's Paris Theatre studio in 1978. From left to right: David Tate (providing several voices in this episode, but more usually the voice of Eddie the Computer), Alan Ford (Roosta), Geoffrey McGivern (Ford Prefect), Douglas Adams (writer), Mark Wing-Davey (Zaphod Beeblebrox), Simon Jones (Arthur Dent).

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SPACE: Space is big. Really big. You just wouldn't believe how vastly, hugely, mind-bogglingly big it is.

I mean, you may think it's a long way down the street to the chemist, but that's just peanuts to space. Listen...

INTRODUCTION

As is probably obvious, *The Hitchhiker's Companion* is a sourcebook for GMs and players who wish to include elements from *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* in their games. It incorporates those gadgets that were previously published in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to Gadgets*.

I've used the six radio series as the basis for this sourcebook. This is partly because it's where it all started, partly because it's my favourite version, and partly because the radio series covers the majority of the significant characters and concepts, more even than the novels, plus several which are unique to it. But while the main body of this book follows the radio adventures of Arthur Dent and friends, the appendices offer additional elements found in other sources.

The Hitchhiker's Companion has a different format to my previous sourcebooks for *Quatermass* and *Sapphire & Steel*. Rather than emulate Cubicle 7's Doctors sourcebooks, in which each story synopsis is accompanied by sections on how to run it as a game, I've instead used Guide entries and quotes from the scripts and books to provide information and give a flavour of the main characters, locations, gadgets and other concepts from the episodes. This means that I've actually written relatively little of this sourcebook compared to the previous ones, and have acted more as editor or curator. But my reason for doing this isn't down to sheer laziness (honest). My fear was that by cramming this book with too much of my own writing, it would lose the humour of Douglas Adams' work and, with it, the feel of the Hitchhiker's universe.

On the flip side to this, the early series in particular include a lot of tangential flights of fancy on subjects like the size of the Triganic Pu or the planet where missing biros go. These are wonderfully inventive but are largely incidental to the main narrative and would expand this book to an unmanageable size. I've therefore resisted the urge to include these and have focused solely on things which are relevant to the ongoing story.

Finally, a comment on the division of the sourcebook into Phases and Fits. Each series of the radio version is now called a Phase (Primary Phase, Secondary Phase, etc), but this wasn't always the case. It was only when BBC Enterprises were planning to reissue the first two series on CD in 1993 that Douglas decided to name them Phases, and the terminology was retained when Dirk Maggs revived the series in 2004. As for Fits, the episodes of the first series were billed as Fits in the *Radio Times*. The next episode – a standalone episode broadcast on Christmas Eve - wasn't, but the remainder of what is now known as the Secondary Phase were billed as Fits One to Five. With the 1993 CD reissue, the episodes were named Fits One to Twelve, and again this was continued by Dirk for the revival. Incidentally, Douglas adopted "Fit" as it had been used by Lewis Carroll in *The Hunting of the Snark*. The word actually dates back to Old Saxon and means a section of a longer poem or narrative work.

Finally finally, for those who care about such things, there is a system of sorts to the colours used for the text boxes throughout this volume, though it's probably not totally consistent: pale grey is for real world comments, including new traits and race packages; pale blue is for planets and other locations; yellow for gadgets and "things"; orange for vehicles and bases; green for general Guide entries which don't fall under any other category; pink for other script and book extracts; violet for adventure seeds; plus a few more or less unique colours.

THE REALLY IMPORTANT STUFF

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is the story of Arthur Dent, a thoroughly unremarkable Earthman whose planet is demolished to make way for a hyperspace express route. As a result, he finds himself propelled into a series of adventures across time and space, at the centre of which is *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (usually referred to as the Guide or the Book), an electronic device that provides information and advice on just about everything in the universe and has the words "DON'T PANIC" inscribed in large, friendly letters on the cover.

Along the way, he is accompanied by his best friend Ford Prefect, a researcher for the Guide who has been stranded on Earth for 15 years, and an assortment of other characters, including: Trillian, an astrophysicist he once met at a party in Islington; Zaphod Beeblebrox, the two-headed, three-armed ex-President of the Galaxy; and Marvin, a hyper-intelligent but permanently depressed robot. They travel the universe in Zaphod's stolen ship, the *Heart of Gold*, powered

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (Major Gadget)

Guide Extract: *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most successful book, ever to come out of the great publishing corporations of Ursa Minor. More popular than *The Celestial Homecare Omnibus*, better selling than *Fifty-Three More Things To Do In Zero Gravity*, and more controversial than Oolon Colluphid's trilogy of philosophical blockbusters: *Where God Went Wrong, Some More Of God's Greatest Mistakes,* and *Who Is This God Person Anyway?* And in many of the more relaxed civilisations on the outer eastern rim of the galaxy, *The Hitch Hiker's Guide* has already supplanted the great *Encyclopaedia Galactica* as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom. Because although it has many omissions, contains much that is apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate, it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important ways: first, it is slightly cheaper, and second, it has the words 'DON'T PANIC' inscribed in large, friendly letters on the cover.

Description: *The Hitch Hiker's Guide* is an electronic book which characters can consult to inform themselves about the universe around them and GMs can use to impart useful or important information to players. In the former case, a character must make a roll of their own Ingenuity + the Guide's Knowledge at a Difficulty level determined by the GM and based on how specific the question is and how complex or obscure the topic is. Any failures will provide only useless or incomplete information ("Earth: Harmless"), while Bad results will provide incorrect or misleading information ("Sirius Cybernetics: Manufacturers of high quality robots with an after-sales service that is second to none!"), and Disastrous results will provide potentially dangerous information ("The Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal: A timid herbivore you can safely invite to your maiden aunt's for dinner.") If the characters have a copy of the Guide, the GM should prepare suitable entries relating to the adventure ahead and may opt to read a longer entry at the start of, or even in place of, a prologue.

Traits: Skill (Knowledge 3)
Cost: 2

by the Infinite Improbability Drive and controlled by Eddie the shipboard computer, whose Genuine People Personality makes him annoyingly cheerful.

ARTHUR DENT

"Is there any tea on this spaceship?"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Athletics 2, Convince 3, Craft (Tea appreciation & sandwich making) 4, Knowledge 3, Marksman 2, Medicine 1, Subterfuge 2, Survival 4, Transport 2

TRAITS
Argumentative
Face in the Crowd
Inexperienced
Last of My Kind – Actually second-to-last, but it's pretty much the same thing
Obsession (Minor) – A decent cup of tea
Stubborn
Technically Inept
Time Traveller (Minor) – Tech Level 1 (as a result of being stranded on prehistoric Earth); eventually also gains Tech Level 8
Unadventurous (Major)
Unlucky
Arthur later gains **Missing the Ground** (see page 53)

EQUIPMENT
Pocket Scrabble
Babel Fish (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 5 **STORY POINTS:** 14

ARTHUR DENT

Arthur Dent is an unremarkable Earthman who we first meet while he's trying to prevent his house from being demolished to make way for a bypass. He's dressed in his pyjamas, dressing gown and slippers, an ensemble he continues to wear long after the Earth has been destroyed by the Vogons.

Arthur's job was something in radio. He doesn't want much. Just a quiet life and a nice cup of tea from time to time. The lack of the latter can make him tetchy, as can Zaphod Beeblebrox's attitude to Earthmen. After many travels, Arthur learns how to fly by throwing himself at the ground and missing.

Arthur Dent, a man whose planet has been blown up, has been having a remarkable effect on the universe. And the most remarkable thing about this is that the only remarkable thing about him as a person is that he is remarkably unremarkable, in all respects other than that of having had his planet blown up.

THE EARTH

Guide Extract: Harmless

Arthur: Is that all it's got to say!? One word! "Harmless"!? What the hell's that supposed to mean?
Ford: I transmitted a new entry off to the editor. He had to trim it a bit, but it's still an improvement!
Arthur: What does it say now?
Ford: "Mostly harmless".

FORD PREFECT

"A small Janx Spirit if there is one. Or even a large one."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Athletics 2, Convince 4 (AoE Bamboozle), Craft (Writing) 2, Knowledge 3, Marksman 2, Science 1, Subterfuge 3, Survival 3, Technology 2, Transport 3

TRAITS
Distinctive
Obligation (Minor) – Researcher for the Guide
Obsession (Minor) – The next drink
Owed Favour (Major) – Owed 15 years of back-pay by Megadodo Publications
Time Traveller (Minor x2) – Tech Levels 1 & 5 from when he's been stranded on Earth
Vortex – Familiar with time-capable starships

EQUIPMENT
Satchel (Minor Gadget: Resourceful Pockets)
The Guide (see page 5)
Sub-Etha Sens-o-Matic (see opposite)
Electronic Thumb (see page 8)
Towel (Minor: contains 2 Story Points – see page 14)
Babel Fish in his ear (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 5

FORD PREFECT

Ford Prefect looks more or less human. Perhaps he doesn't blink enough and smiles a little too broadly, and maybe he gives people the impression he's about to go for the neck. Other than that, he passes as a human. But he's actually an alien, a semi-cousin of Zaphod Beeblebrox and a researcher for the Guide.

Ford was stranded on Earth for fifteen years while trying to research it, as it's too far from the space-lanes to be able to hitch a lift. He habitually carries a satchel which contains an assortment of useful items.

By a strange coincidence, 'none at all' is exactly how much suspicion the ape-descendant Arthur Dent had that one of his closest friends was not descended from an ape, but was, in fact, from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse. Arthur Dent's failure to suspect this reflects the care with which his friend blended himself into human society, after a fairly shaky start. When he first arrived fifteen years ago, the minimal research he had done had suggested to him that the name 'Ford Prefect' would be nicely inconspicuous.

SUB-ETHA SENS-O-MATIC
(Minor Gadget)

Description: A Sub-Etha Sens-O-Matic is an invaluable tool for galactic hitchhikers. It's a small device which alerts its user to the presence of passing spacecraft by detecting their sub-etha emissions.

Traits: Scan (Sub-Etha Broadcasts)
Cost: 1

ELECTRONIC THUMB (Minor Gadget)

Description: Once the Sub-Etha Sens-O-Matic has detected a nearby spaceship, the hitchhiker will need to deploy an electronic thumb (a.k.a. a sub-etha signalling device) in order to hitch a ride. The thumb sends a sub-etha signal to attract the attention of the ship's crew. Naturally, the response of a ship can vary.

Traits: Transmit
Cost: 1

TRILLIAN ASTRA

Formerly known as Tricia McMillan, Trillian is a confident, independent and highly intelligent astrophysicist from Earth. Arthur Dent once met her at a party in Islington but entirely failed to get off with her. The fact that she was also being chatted up by a man who claimed to come from a different planet had something to do with it.

That man was Zaphod Beeblebrox, and he did in fact come from a different planet. Trillian accepted his invitation to join him in his spaceship, and she has been enjoying travelling around the galaxy in the *Heart of Gold*. Even if it did mean missing a date with Arthur.

Arthur: Good God, it's her! Tricia McMillan! What are you doing here?
Trillian: Same as you, Arthur. I hitched a ride. After all, with a degree in maths and another in astrophysics, it was either that or back to the dole queue on Monday. Oh, I'm sorry I missed that Wednesday lunch date, but I was in a black hole all morning.

TRILLIAN ASTRA

"We have normality. Anything you still can't cope with is therefore your own problem."

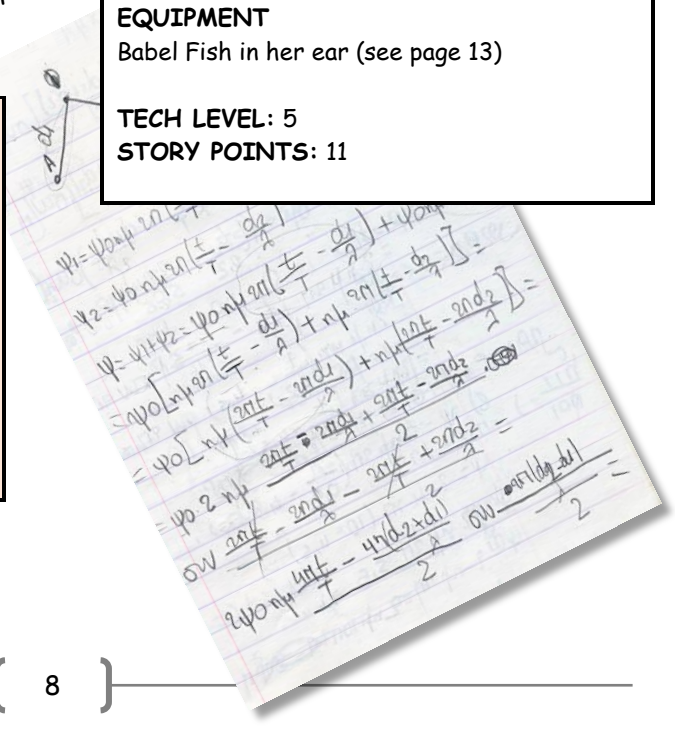
AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	5	STRENGTH	2

SKILLS
Convince 1, Craft (Journalism) 3, Knowledge 2, Science 4 (AoE Astrophysics, Mathematics), Technology 3, Transport 2

TRAITS
Attractive
Last of My Kind – Strictly speaking second-to-last, but her planet's been destroyed
Mental Calculator
Technically Adept
Time Traveller (Major) – Tech Level 8 gained from her time with Zaphod
Vortex – Familiar with time-capable starships

EQUIPMENT
Babel Fish in her ear (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 11



ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX

Zaphod Beeblebrox is one cool frood! He has two heads and three arms, claiming he (re)grew the third one for his latest girlfriend, Trillian. His left cranium has been voted by readers of *Playbeing* magazine as the hippest place in the whole galaxy. Zaphod is vain, self-centred and venal. Or is this just an act?

As President of the Galaxy, a position he forfeited when he stole the *Heart of Gold*, his job was not to wield power, but to draw attention away from it. Zaphod, the only man in history to have made presidential telecasts from the bath, from the bedroom of Eccentrica Gallumbits the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon VI, from the maximum-security wing of the Betelgeuse State Prison, or from wherever else he happened to be at the time, was supremely good at this job.

Radio Newsreader: And, of course, the big news story tonight is the sensational theft of the new Improbability Drive prototype ship by none other than Zaphod Beeblebrox. And the question everyone's asking is: "Has the Big Zee finally flipped?" Beeblebrox, the man who invented the Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster, ex-confidence trickster, part-time Galactic President, once described by Eccentrica Gallumbits as 'The Best Bang Since the Big One', and recently voted 'The Worst-Dressed Sentient Being in the Universe' for the seventh time running. Has he got an answer this time? We asked his private brain-care specialist, Gag Halfrunt.
Gag Halfrunt: Vell look, Zaphod's just zis guy, you know?

ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX

"Zaphod Beeblebrox, this is a very large drink.... Hi..."

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	7
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	2
INGENUITY	2/4*	STRENGTH	3

*It's unclear even to his closest friends whether Zaphod is genuinely stupid or actually very intelligent and just pretending. The later existence of Left Brain (see page 78) confirms that each head has its own Ingenuity.

SKILLS
Athletics 2, Convince 5 (AoE Talking the hind legs off an Arcturan Mega-Donkey), Craft (Mixology) 3, Knowledge 3, Marksman 1, Subterfuge 1, Survival 2, Transport 3

TRAITS
Additional Limbs – Third arm
Alien
Alien Appearance
Charming
Eccentric (Major)
Fame (Major) - Has a +2 bonus on social skills rolls & all results upgraded by one level
Impulsive
Selfish
Technically Inept
Vortex – Familiar with time-capable starships
Wanted (Major) – Galactic Government

EQUIPMENT
Babel Fish in his ears (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 11

MARVIN THE PARANOID ANDROID

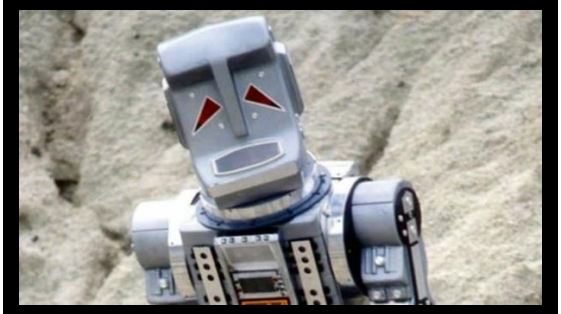
When the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation came up with the bright idea of manufacturing robots with "Genuine People Personalities", they first tried the concept out by producing a few Personality Prototypes. One of these is Marvin, a robot who is permanently and irredeemably depressed over life, the universe and everything. Marvin was aboard the starship *Heart of Gold* when it was unexpectedly stolen by Zaphod Beeblebrox, who was meant to be launching it. As a result, he has experienced numerous exploits that he neither wanted nor enjoyed.

Despite his personality defects, Marvin is hyper-intelligent, having a brain the size of a planet located somewhere in hyperspace. He also has a pain in all the diodes down his left side but will live far longer than the universe.

ROBOTS

Guide Extract:
The Encyclopaedia Galactica defines a robot as being "a mechanical apparatus designed to do the work of a man". The Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation defines a robot as "your plastic pal who's fun to be with." *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* defines the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation as "a bunch of mindless jerks who'll be the first against the wall when the revolution comes", with a footnote to the effect that the editors would welcome applications from anyone interested in taking over the post of Robotics Correspondent. Curiously enough, an edition of *The Encyclopaedia Galactica* that fell through a time warp from a thousand years in the future defined the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation as "a bunch of mindless jerks who were the first against the wall when the revolution came".

MARVIN



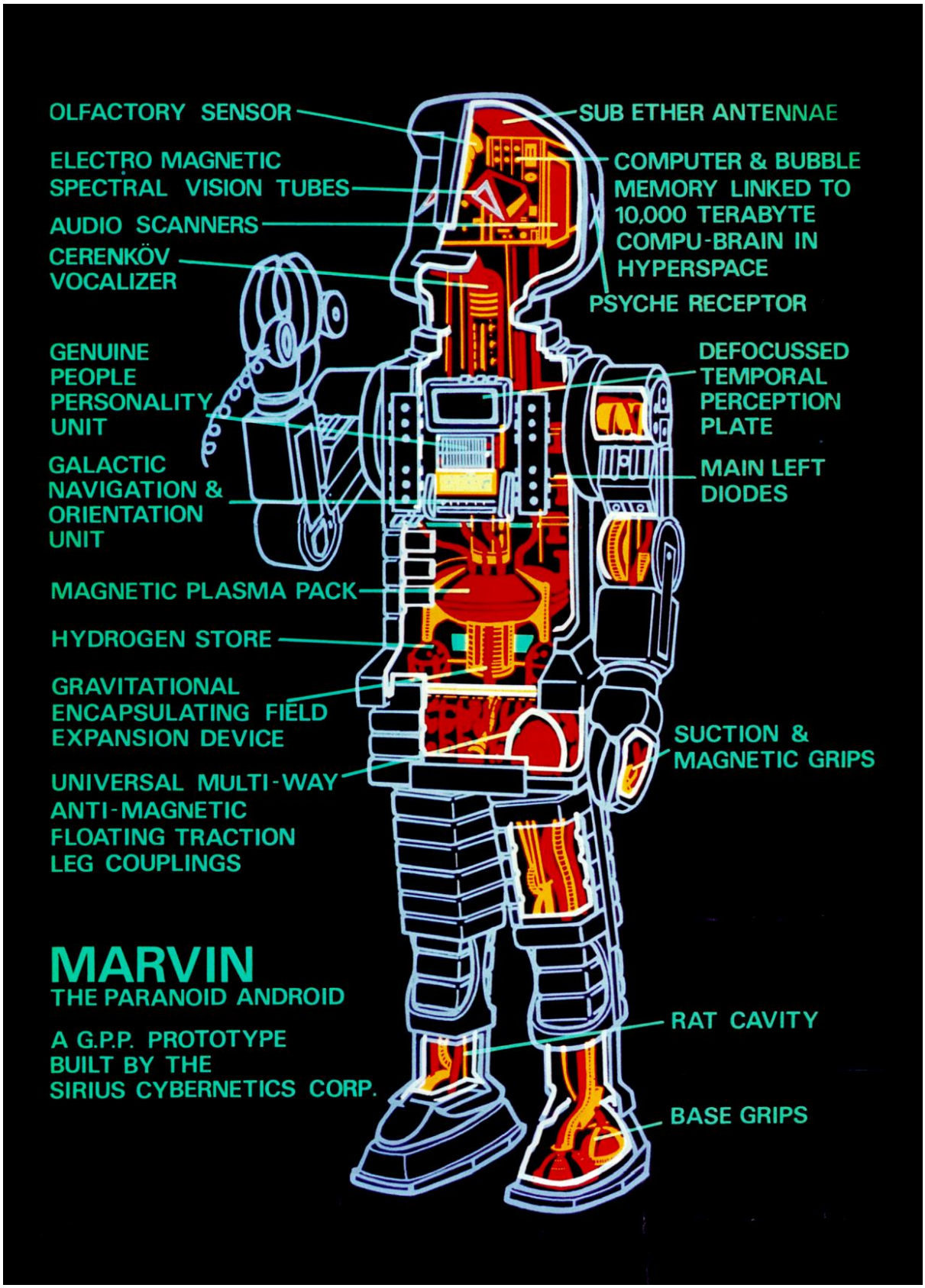
"Life. Don't talk to me about life."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**20**	**STRENGTH**	**4**

SKILLS
Convince 1, Knowledge 6, Science 6, Technology 6, Transport 2

TRAITS
Alien Senses – Full EM spectrum vision
Armour (5 points)
Eccentric (Major) – Very, very depressed
Environmental (Minor) – Doesn't breathe, eat or sleep
Experienced x4
Immortal (Major) – Well, as near as makes no odds
Psychic – Able to read brain-waves
Robot
Slow (Minor)
Special – Weaponised Negativity: Marvin can use contests of Presence + Convince to reduce an opponent's Resolve by 2(1/2/3) points per success; if their Resolve reaches zero, they are too depressed to take any action until they recover (and in the case of artificial intelligences, they may even commit suicide or take an action so stupid that it results in their death)
Technically Adept
Transmit

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 0 (Marvin just takes what life throws at him)


OLFACTORY SENSOR
ELECTRO MAGNETIC SPECTRAL VISION TUBES
AUDIO SCANNERS
CERENKÖV VOCALIZER
GENUINE PEOPLE PERSONALITY UNIT
GALACTIC NAVIGATION & ORIENTATION UNIT
MAGNETIC PLASMA PACK
HYDROGEN STORE
GRAVITATIONAL ENCAPSULATING FIELD EXPANSION DEVICE
UNIVERSAL MULTI-WAY ANTI-MAGNETIC FLOATING TRACTION LEG COUPLINGS
SUB ETHER ANTENNAE
COMPUTER & BUBBLE MEMORY LINKED TO 10,000 TERABYTE COMPU-BRAIN IN HYPERSPACE
PSYCHE RECEPTOR
DEFOCUSSED TEMPORAL PERCEPTION PLATE
MAIN LEFT DIODES
SUCTION & MAGNETIC GRIPS
RAT CAVITY
BASE GRIPS
MARVIN
THE PARANOID ANDROID
A G.P.P. PROTOTYPE BUILT BY THE SIRIUS CYBERNETICS CORP.

THE HEART OF GOLD

The legendary starship *Heart of Gold* is powered by the new Infinite Improbability Drive, which allows it to manipulate probability and arrive at any location within seconds, irrespective of the distances involved. This also allows it to travel through time, alternative dimensions, parallel universes and whatnot, and to breach even the most impenetrable barriers.

The ship's computer is called Eddie. Like Marvin, he has one of the new Genuine People Personalities. In Eddie's case though, he is annoyingly happy and positive about everything. He does have a backup personality, that of a bossy, matronly headmistress that's considered even worse.

In fact, the doors, lifts, vending machines and all other AI systems aboard the Heart of Gold also have their own personalities. In most cases, these default to smug self-satisfaction: "*Hmm. Glad to be of service!*"

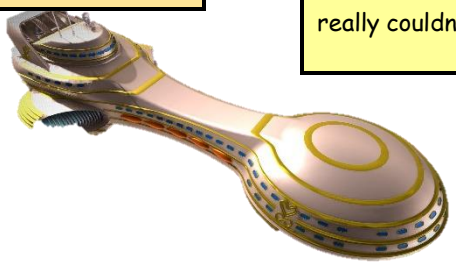
THE HEART OF GOLD

Armour: 8. **Hit Capacity:** 50. **Speed:** 8*.

Traits: Scan, Teleport, Transmit, Travel (Major), Vortex, Special Bad – Activating the Improbability Drive often results in random, highly improbable events happening (at the GM's discretion), including changing the appearance of the ship itself

Story Points: 12

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space



THE INFINITE IMPROBABILITY DRIVE

Guide Extract: The Infinite Improbability Drive is a wonderful new method of crossing interstellar distances in a few seconds, without all that tedious mucking about in hyperspace. The principle of generating small amounts of finite probability by simply hooking the logic circuits of a Brambleweeny-57 Sub-Meson Brain to an atomic vector plotter suspended in a strong Brownian Motion producer - say a nice hot cup of tea - were, of course, well understood. And such generators were often used to break the ice at parties, by making all the molecules in the hostess's undergarments simultaneously leap one foot to the left, in accordance with the Theory of Indeterminacy. Many respectable physicists said that they weren't going to stand for that sort of thing, partly because it was a debasement of science, but mostly because they didn't get invited to those sorts of parties. Another thing they couldn't stand was the perpetual failure they encountered in trying to construct a machine that could generate the infinite improbability field needed to flip a spaceship between the furthest stars. And in the end they grumpily announced that such a machine was virtually impossible. Then, one day, a student, who had been left to sweep up the lab after a particularly unsuccessful party, found himself reasoning this way: "If such a machine is a virtual impossibility, then, it must logically be a finite improbability! So, all I have to do in order to make one, is to work out exactly how improbable it is, then feed that figure into the finite improbability generator, give it a fresh cup of really hot tea… and then turn it on." He did this and was rather startled to discover that he managed to create the long-sought-after Infinite Improbability Generator out of thin air. It startled him even more when, just after he was awarded the Galactic Institute's Prize for Extreme Cleverness, he got lynched by a rampaging mob of respectable physicists who had finally realised that the one thing they really couldn't stand was a smart-arse.

EDDIE THE COMPUTER

"Hi there! This is Eddie your shipboard computer, and I'm feeling just great, guys!"

AWARENESS	**5**	**PRESENCE**	**5**
COORDINATION	**-**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**4**	**STRENGTH**	**-**

SKILLS
Convince 2, Knowledge 5, Science 4, Technology 4, Transport 4

TRAITS
Armour (5 points)
By the Book – Follows its programming
Eccentric (Major)
Impaired (Major) - No limbs
Networked (Major) – Interfaced with the ship's systems and other shipboard AIs
Positive Attitude
Robot
Slow (Major) – Immobile; part of the ship

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4

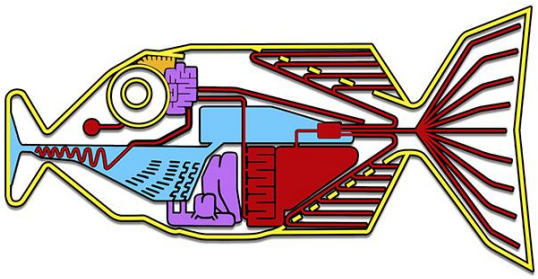
OTHER IMPORTANT STUFF

BABEL FISH (Minor Gadget)

Guide Extract: The Babel fish is small, yellow, leech-like and probably the oddest thing in the universe. It feeds on brainwave energy, absorbing all unconscious frequencies and then excreting, telepathically, a matrix formed from the conscious frequencies and nerve signals picked up from the speech centres of the brain. The practical upshot of which is that, if you stick one in your ear, you can instantly understand anything said to you in any form of language. The speech you hear decodes the brainwave matrix. Now, it is such a bizarrely improbable coincidence that anything so mind-bogglingly useful could evolve purely by chance that some thinkers have chosen to see it as the final clinching proof of the non-existence of God. Meanwhile, the poor Babel fish, by effectively removing all barriers to communication between different races and cultures, has caused more and bloodier wars than anything else in the history of creation.

Description: Anyone with a Babel fish in their ear can understand pretty much any speech in any language for as long as it remains there. Fortunately, as the fish feeds on brainwave energy, it will be happy to remain in the ear for the rest of its life.

Traits: Translate
Cost: 1



TOWELS (Minor/Major/Special Gadget}

Guide Extract: A towel is about the most massively useful thing any interstellar hitchhiker can carry. For one thing it has great practical value. You can wrap it around you for warmth on the cold moons of Jaglan Beta, sunbathe on it on the marble beaches of Bantraginus Five, huddle beneath it for protection from the Arcturan mega-gnats as you sleep beneath the stars of Kakrafoon, use it to sail a mini-raft down the slow heavy river Moth, wet it for use in hand to hand combat, wrap it round your head to avoid the gaze of the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal - which is such a mind-bogglingly stupid animal, it assumes that if you can't see it, it can't see you - and, even dry yourself off with it, if it still seems clean enough.

Game Rules: A towel acts as a store of Story Points, can be used to achieve any effect its owner can justify to the GM's satisfaction. Many uses of a towel cost nothing, but those which replicate a trait cost the purchase cost of that trait in SPs from the towel and allow the user to use the trait for a Round. A character can also spend a towel's SPs instead of their own for other purposes. [Note that not all towels are Gadgets containing Story Points.]

Traits: Story Point Pool (see below)
Costs & Story Points: A hand towel is a Minor Gadget costing 1 point and containing 2 SPs; a bath towel is a Major Gadget costing 2 points and containing 4 SPs; and a beach towel is a Special Gadget costing 4 points and containing 8 SPs.

Story Point Pool (Minor Good Gadget Trait)
A Gadget with this trait can store Story Points on behalf of a character, who can choose to spend them instead of their own. It is a way for a character to have access to Story Points beyond their own normal maximum, or to increase the SPs available to a Gadget. When a character needs to use Story Points, they can opt to spend ones stored in the Gadget instead of their own. When the trait is purchased, it can be bought multiple times, and contains 1 Story Point per point spent plus the normal Story Points total of the Gadget.

PAN-GALACTIC GARGLE BLASTERS
(Not a Gadget, More a Way of Life)

Guide Extract: The best drink in existence is the Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster, the effect of which is like having your brain smashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick. The Guide also has information on which planets the best Pan-Galactic Gargle Blasters are mixed, how much you can expect to pay for one, and what voluntary organisations exist to help you rehabilitate. Zaphod Beeblebrox, the man who invented the Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster, ex-confidence trickster, part-time galactic president, advises "never drink more than two Pan-Galactic Gargle Blasters unless you're a thirty ton mega-elephant with bronchial pneumonia."

Game Rules: Anyone drinking a Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster must immediately make an Awareness + Resolve roll at Difficulty 18 to determine its effects:
Fantastic: Invigorated! Instantly heals up to 4 points of damage.
Good: Merry, and has a -2 penalty on all actions for the next 1D6 hours.
Success: Inebriated and has a -4 penalty on all actions for the next 6+2D6 hours.
Failure: Heavily intoxicated, has a -6 penalty on all actions for the next 6+3D6 hours and takes 2 points of damage.
Bad: Blind drunk, has a -8 penalty on all actions for the next 12+3D6 hours and takes 4 points of damage.
Disastrous: Failure of all internal organs: takes Lethal damage.

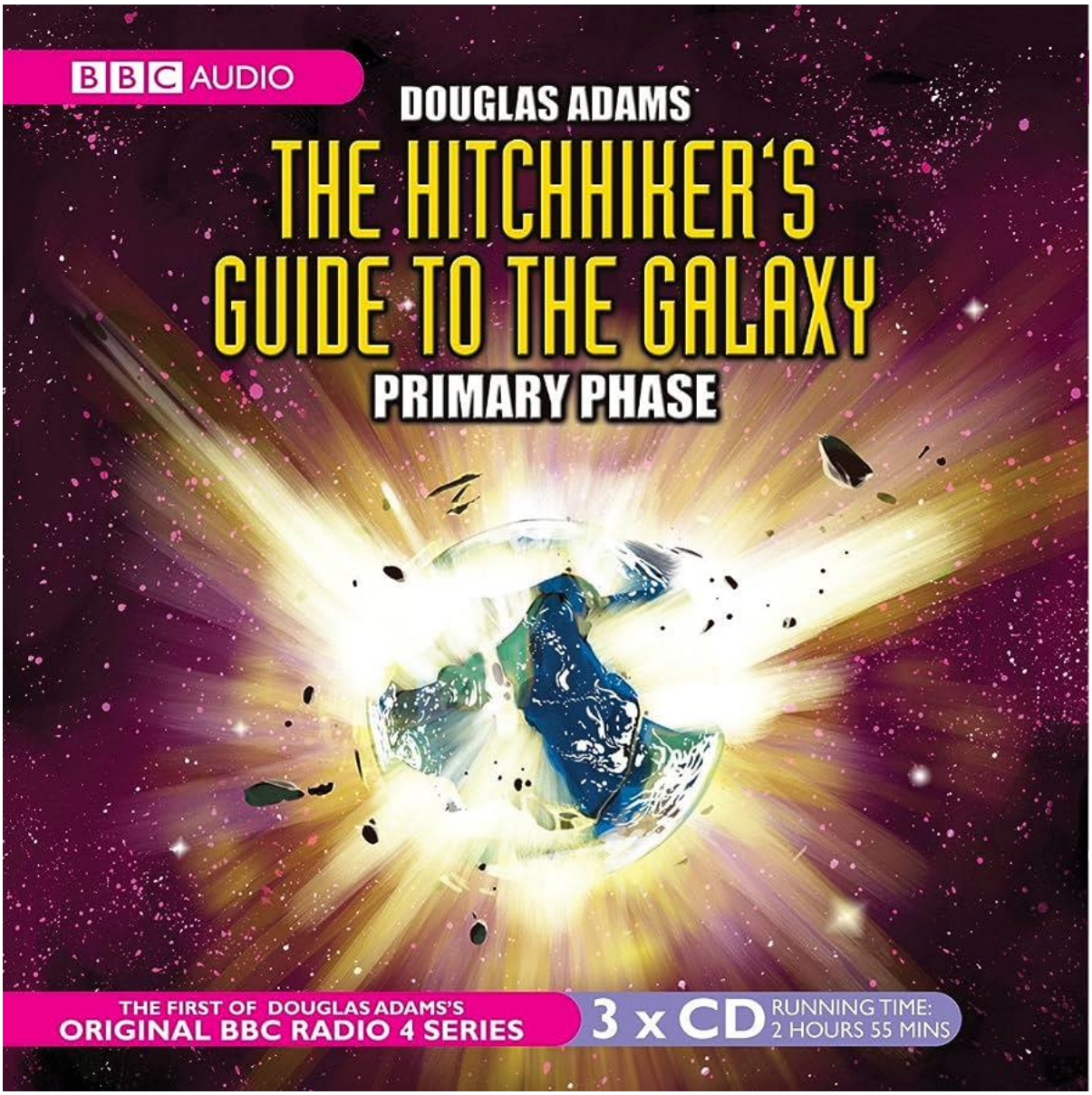
An additional roll must be made for each subsequent Gargle Blaster downed in the same session, with a cumulative +2 to the Difficulty. The same applies to double (or greater!) measures.

A GLOSSARY OF HITCHHIKER SLANG

For GMs and players who want their characters to sound more like hoopy froods and less like swutting strags, here's some helpful terminology. Phrreeow!

Word/Phrase	Meaning	Example of Use
Belgium	A word that is still considered beyond the pale. The concept it embodies is so revolting that the publication or broadcast of the word is utterly forbidden in all parts of the galaxy except one, where they don't know what it means.	*"Belgium, man! Belgium!"*
Buzz	To strut up and down on a pre-contact world in front of some poor soul who nobody is going to believe, wearing silly antennae and making "beep-beep" noises	*"Teasers who buzz planets are really immature."*
Fardwarks	An exclamation or term of abuse the original meaning of which has been lost	*"Zarking fardwarks!"*
Frood	Really amazingly together guy	*"Hey, you sass that hoopy Ford Prefect? Now there's a frood who really knows where his towel is!"*
Holy Zarquon's singing fish	An expression of surprise, annoyance, alarm or fear	*"Holy Zarquon's singing fish! We're all gonna die!"*
Hoopy	Really together guy	See 'Frood'
Juju-flop	Formerly an obscenity indicating something bad, now considered perfectly acceptable in common usage	*"This is one whole juju-flop situation!"*
Know where one's towel is	A description denoting deep respect	See 'Frood'
Photon	An expletive	*"Where the photon are we?"*
Phrreeow/freeow	Exclamation of astonishment or wonder	*"Phrreeow!"*
Sass	Know, be aware of, meet, have sex with	See 'Frood'
Strag	A non-hitchhiker	*"That guy's a real strag!"*
Swut	Formerly an obscene expletive, now considered perfectly acceptable in common usage	*"I just want to be swutting well rescued!"*
Teaser	Rich kids who cruise around the galaxy looking for planets that haven't made interstellar contact yet and buzz them	*"I got a lift with a teaser."*
Turlingdrome	Formerly an obscene insult, now considered perfectly acceptable in common usage	*"You're a complete turlingdrome."*
Zark/Zarquon	An expletive denoting annoyance (derived from the name of the Great Prophet Zarquon)	*"Holy Zarquon!!", "Zarquon's knees!", "Zarking fardwarks!",* or just *"Zark!" or "Zarquon!"*

THE PRIMARY PHASE



Fits One to Four of the Primary Phase were subsequently adapted as the first novel, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and used in many of the other adaptations. They're probably the most familiar parts of the story to most people.

In order to help meet the radio series' deadlines, Fits Five and Six were co-written by John Lloyd. Some concepts from them (presumably those that Douglas Adams came up with) were incorporated into the second *HHGTTG* novel, *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*.

FIT THE FIRST

In which…

Arthur Dent, a remarkably unremarkable human, is trying to prevent his house being bulldozed by Mr Prosser to make way for a new bypass. His friend Ford Prefect persuades him to come to the pub with him, where he reveals to Arthur that he's an alien hitchhiker from a small planet from somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse and not from Guildford after all. Ford explains that the Earth is about to be demolished by the Vogons to make way for a new hyperspace express route. Arthur's house is bulldozed and then, shortly after, the Earth is demolished. Fortunately, Ford was able to hitch a lift for Arthur and himself aboard one of the ships in the Vogon Constructor Fleet. Unfortunately, the Vogon captain reads some of his poetry at them.

MR PROSSER

"It is a bypass! You've got to build bypasses!."

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 2, Technology 1, Transport 2

TRAITS
Obligation (Minor) – The Council's Planning Department
Single-Minded (Minor)

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 1

VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS

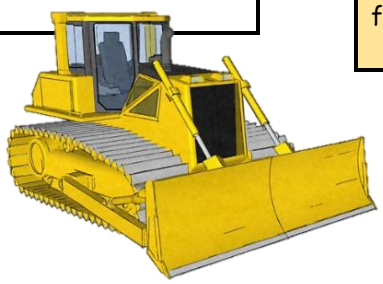
Guide Extract: Vogon Constructor Fleets. Here is what to do if you want to get a lift from a Vogon: forget it! They're one of the most unpleasant races in the galaxy - not actually evil but bad tempered, bureaucratic, officious and callous. They wouldn't even lift a finger to save their own grandmothers from the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal without orders signed in triplicate, sent in, sent back, queried, lost, found, subjected to public inquiry, lost again and finally buried in soft peat for three months and recycled as firelighters. The best way to get a drink out of a Vogon is stick your finger down his throat, and the best way to irritate him is to feed his grandmother to the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal.

VOGON SHIP

Armour: 10. **Hit Capacity:** 100. **Speed:** 4*.

Traits: Scan, Teleport, Transmit, Travel (Major)
Weapon: Demolition Beam – Delete (Planets)
Torpedoes – 20(10/20/30) damage
Story Points: 10

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space



FIT THE SECOND

In which…

Despite Ford and Arthur giving his poetry a positive review, Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz has them thrown out of an airlock into the vacuum of space. Against all odds, they're rescued by the starship *Heart of Gold*, which has just been stolen by the galactic president, Zaphod Beeblebrox, who was supposed to be launching it. Zaphod is Ford's semi-cousin with whom he shares three of the same mothers. Also aboard are Trillian, whom Arthur recognises as Tricia McMillan, a very nice girl he entirely failed to get off with at a party in Islington, and Marvin, a permanently depressed robot programmed with one of Sirius Cybernetics' experimental Genuine People Personalities.

VOGONS – PART ONE

Guide Extract: Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz was not a pleasant sight, even for other Vogons. His highly-domed nose rose high above a small piggy forehead. His dark green, rubbery skin was thick enough for him to play the game of Vogon Politics and play it well, and waterproof enough for him to survive indefinitely at sea depths of up to a thousand feet with no ill effects. Not that he ever went swimming, of course. He was the way he was because billions of years ago, when the Vogons had first crawled out of the sluggish primeval seas of Vogsphere and had lain panting and heaving on the planet's virgin shores, when the first rays of the bright young Vogsol sun had shone across them that morning, it was as if the forces of evolution had simply turned away in disgust and given up on them there and then. They never evolved again. They should never have survived. Meanwhile, the natural forces on the planet Vogsphere had been working overtime to make up for their earlier blunder. They brought forth scintillating, jewelled, scuttling crabs - which the Vogons ate, smashing their shells with iron mallets - and elegant gazelle-like creatures with silken coats and dewy eyes - which the Vogons would catch and sit on. They were no use as transport because their backs would snap instantly, but the Vogons sat on them anyway. They have attempted to acquire learning. They have attempted to acquire style and social grace. But in most respects, the modern Vogon is little different from his primitive forebears. Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz is a fairly typical Vogon, in that he is thoroughly vile.

PROSTETNIC VOGON JELTZ

"Oh freddled gruntbuggly…."

AWARENESS	**2**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**5**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**5**

SKILLS
Craft (Poetry) 2, Fighting 1, Knowledge 2, Marksman 3, Technology 2, Transport 1

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Argumentative
By the Book
Environmental (Minor) – Amphibious
Repulsive
Tough
Unattractive
Voice of Authority

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 8

VOGON GUARD

"Resistance is useless!"

AWARENESS	**1**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**1**	**STRENGTH**	**6**

SKILLS
Fighting 2, Marksman 2, Technology 1, Transport 2

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
By the Book
Environmental (Minor) – Amphibious
Repulsive
Tough
Unattractive

EQUIPMENT
Blaster – 6(3/6/9) damage

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 1-2

Vogon Guard: I think that if it's all the same to you, I'd better just get you both shoved into this airlock and then go and get on with some other bits of shouting I've got to do.

VOGON POETRY

Guide Extract: Vogon poetry is, of course, the third worst in the universe. The second worst is that of the Azgoths of Kria. During a recitation by their poet-master, Grunthos the Flatulent, of his poem 'Ode to a Small Lump Of Green Putty I Found In My Armpit One Midsummer Morning', four of his audience died of internal haemorrhaging, and the president of the Mid-Galactic Arts Nobbling Council survived by gnawing one of his own legs off. Grunthos was reported to have been "disappointed" by the poem's reception, and was about to embark on a reading of his twelve-book epic entitled 'My Favourite Bath-time Gurgles', when his own major intestine, in a desperate attempt to save humanity, leapt straight up through his neck, and throttled his brain. The very worst poetry of all perished along with its creator, Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings of Greenbridge, in the destruction of the planet Earth. Vogon poetry is mild by comparison.

Game Effects: Any Vogon with Craft (Poetry) may recite their compositions at an audience, with the potential for deleterious effects. For each minute of exposure to Vogon poetry, a victim much make a contest of Awareness + Resolve against the Vogon's Presence + Craft in order to avoid their current Story Points total being reduced by 1(1/2/3) points. If reduced to zero Story Points, they are rendered unconscious from the sheer horror.

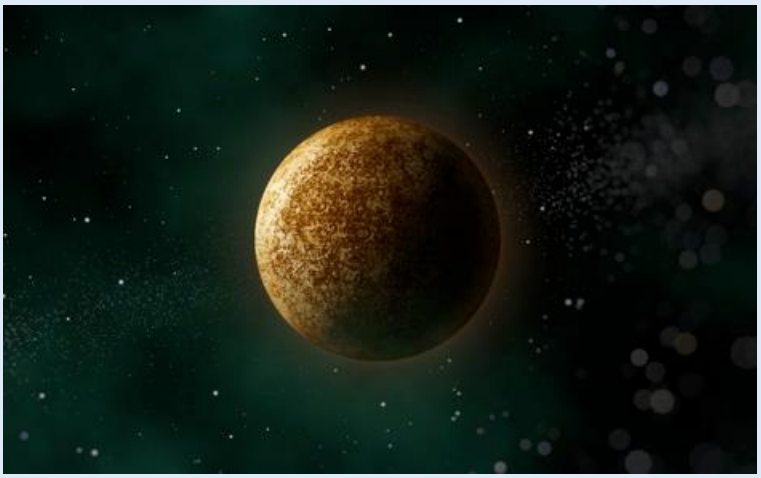
FIT THE THIRD

In which…

The *Heart of Gold* is in orbit above the legendary planet of Magrathea, which Ford believes to be nothing more than a myth. Not dissuaded by a salvo of nuclear missiles fired from the surface (and transformed into a sperm whale and a bowl of petunias by the Infinite Improbability Drive), Zaphod instructs the ship to land. Left behind by the others, Arthur meets Slartibartfast, a planetary designer who particularly loves doing the fjords and all the other fiddly coastal bits. He reveals that the Magratheans used to build planets for wealthy clients. But five million years ago, they decided to sleep through a galactic recession until people could afford their services again. They've now been woken for one extraordinary commission: to build the Earth Mark 2. The original Earth was part of a ten million year research programme to find the Ultimate Question, but it was demolished five minutes too early. The mice were furious!

MAGRATHEA

Guide Extract: Far back in the mists of ancient time, in the great and glorious days of the former Galactic Empire, life was wild, rich and on the whole, tax-free. In those days, spirits were brave; the stakes were high, men were real men, women were real women, and small furry creatures from Alpha Centauri were real small furry creatures from Alpha Centauri. And all dared to brave unknown terrors, to do mighty deeds, to boldly split infinitives that no man had split before. And thus was the Empire forged. Many men, of course, became extremely rich. But this was perfectly natural and nothing to be ashamed of, because no one was really poor - at least, no one worth speaking of. And for these extremely rich merchants life eventually became rather dull, and it seemed that none of the worlds they settled on was entirely satisfactory. Either the climate wasn't quite right in the later part of the afternoon, or the day was half an hour too long, or the sea was just the wrong shade of pink. And thus were created the conditions for a staggering new form of industry: custom-made luxury planet building. The home of this industry was the planet Magrathea, where vast hyperspatial engineering works were constructed to suck matter through white holes in space and form it into dream planets, lovingly made to meet the exacting standards of the galaxy's richest men. And so successful was this venture, that very soon Magrathea itself became the richest planet of all time, and the rest of the galaxy was reduced to abject poverty. And so the system broke down, the Empire collapsed and a long, sullen silence settled over the galaxy, disturbed only by the pen-scratchings of scholars as they laboured into the night over smug little treatises on the value of a planned political economy. In these enlightened days, of course, no one believes a word of it.



SLARTIBARTFAST

"My name is not important."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**5**	**STRENGTH**	**1**

SKILLS
Convince 1, Craft (Designing Continents) 5, Knowledge 4, Science 2, Technology 3, Transport 2

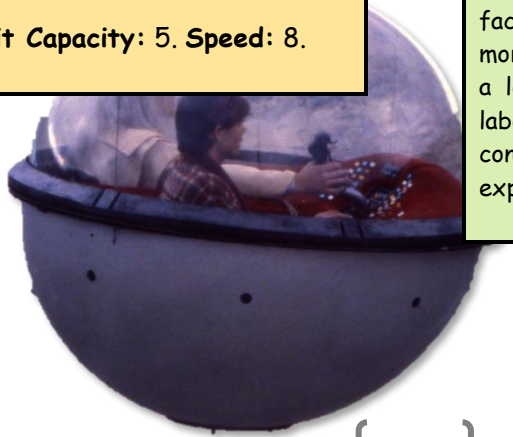
TRAITS
Distinctive
Forgetful
Slow Reflexes

EQUIPMENT
Air Car

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 8

SLARTIBARTFAST'S AIR CAR

Armour: 3. **Hit Capacity:** 5. **Speed:** 8.



Slartibartfast: You must come now or you will be late.
Arthur: Late? What for?
Slartibartfast: What is your name, human?
Arthur: Dent. Arthur Dent.
Slartibartfast: Late as in the late Dentarthurdent. It's a sort of threat, you see. Never been very good at them myself, but I'm told they can be terribly effective.

DOLPHINS

Guide Extract: It is an important and popular fact that things are not always what they seem. For instance, on the planet Earth, man had always assumed that he was more intelligent than dolphins because he had achieved so much… the wheel, New York, wars, and so on, whilst all the dolphins had ever done was muck about in the water having a good time. But conversely, the dolphins believed that they were more intelligent than man for precisely the same reasons. Curiously enough the dolphins had long known of the impending demolition of Earth and had made many attempts to alert mankind to the danger. But most of their communications were misinterpreted as amusing attempts to punch footballs or whistle for titbits, so they eventually gave up and left the Earth by their own means shortly before the Vogons arrived. The last ever dolphin message was misinterpreted as a surprisingly sophisticated attempt to do a double-backwards somersault through a hoop, whilst whistling the 'Star-Spangled Banner'. But, in fact, the message was this: "So long, and thanks for all the fish". In fact, there was only one species on the planet more intelligent than dolphins, and they spent a lot of their time in behavioural research laboratories running round inside wheels and conducting frighteningly elegant and subtle experiments on man.

FIT THE FOURTH

In which…

Reunited with Ford, Zaphod and Trillian, Arthur meets Frankie Mouse and Benjy Mouse, actually protrusions into our reality by vast, hyper-intelligent, pan-dimensional beings. It was the mice who set up the experiment and commissioned the building of the original Earth, an organic computer of which humans were merely a component. Seventeen and a half million years ago, they had built an earlier computer, Deep Thought, to tell them the answer to Life, the Universe and Everything. It took Deep Thought seven and a half million years to come up with the answer: 42. The problem was that its creators hadn't really thought about what the question actually was, so Deep Thought designed a computer that could determine it for them. That computer was the Earth, and it would take it ten million years to come up with the question. Unfortunately, the Vogons demolished the Earth five minutes before the programme would have finished, so the mice now need a new Earth to start all over again. Except they have realised that they now have an Earthman and woman, Arthur and Trillian, who may be able to find the question and save them time. The discussion is interrupted when a pair of trigger-happy galactic police officers armed with Kill-o-Zap guns arrive on the trail of Zaphod. Arthur, Ford, Zaphod and Trillian are hiding behind a computer bank when it explodes under the cops' gunfire…

DEEP THOUGHT

Guide Extract: There are, of course, many problems connected with life, of which some of the most popular are "Why are people born?", "Why do they die?" and "Why do they spend so much of the intervening time wearing digital watches?" Many millions of years ago, a race of hyper-intelligent, pan-dimensional beings got so fed up with the constant bickering about the meaning of life, which used to interrupt their favourite pastime of Brockian Ultra Cricket (a curious game which involved suddenly hitting people for no readily apparent reason and then running away) that they decided to sit down and solve the problem once and for all. And to this end, they built themselves a stupendous supercomputer which was so amazingly intelligent, that even before its databanks had been connected up, it had started from first principles with "I think therefore I am" and had got as far as deducing the existence of rice pudding and income tax before anyone managed to turn it off. Could a mere computer solve the problem of Life, the Universe, and Everything?

DEEP THOUGHT AS AN NPC

As an inanimate supercomputer the size of a very large building indeed and with an intellect superior even to that of the hyper-intelligent beings who constructed it, stats for Deep Thought are pretty much meaningless. If any players travel back ten million years to the time of its existence, Deep Thought should be played as if it were the Voice of God, or the Voice of the GM at least, which amounts to much the same thing.

FRANKIE & BENJY MOUSE

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	1
COORDINATION	5	RESOLVE	5
INGENUITY	20	STRENGTH	1

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Convince 1, Knowledge 5, Medicine 2, Science 5, Subterfuge 3, Technology 4

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Size: Tiny (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 10
STORY POINTS: 4

The Ultimate Answer to Life, the Universe and Everything was revealed with the kind permission of the Amalgamated Union of Philosophers, Sages and Other Professional Thinking Persons.

Bang-Bang: We're a couple of intelligent, caring guys, who you'd probably like if you met us socially.
Shooty: That's right. I'm really sensitive.
Bang-Bang: I don't go around gratuitously shooting people and then bragging about it in seedy space rangers' bars. I go around gratuitously shooting people and then agonising about it afterwards to my girlfriend.
Shooty: And I write novels!
Bang-Bang: He writes them in crayon.
Shooty: Though I haven't had any of them published yet so I better warn you, I'm in a meeeean mood.

SHOOTY & BANG-BANG

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Athletics 1, Convince 1, Fighting 2, Marksman 2

TRAITS
Authority (Minor), Eccentric (Major), Impulsive, Tough

EQUIPMENT
Kill-o-Zap Guns: L(4/L/L) damage

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 2

FIT THE FIFTH

In which…

Arthur, Ford, Zaphod and Trillian find themselves at Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe, as the computer bank they were hiding behind was actually a hyperspatial field generator that threw them all forwards in time. Milliways is a 5-star restaurant that was constructed on the ruins of Magrathea and which exists in a time bubble projected into the future to the precise moment of the very end of the universe. At Milliways, clients can enjoy a sumptuous meal and drinks while the whole of creation explodes around them. The four discover that Marvin is also here, having been parking cars in the restaurant's car park for tens of millions of years. With Marvin's help, they steal a totally frictionless black ship but quickly find that they can't control it. The ship takes them out into intergalactic space followed by a fleet of one hundred thousand black battlecruisers.

Max Quordlepleen: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Restaurant at the End of the Universe. I am your host for tonight, Max Quordlepleen, and I've just come straight from the very, very, very other end of time, where I've been hosting a show at the Big Bang Burger Chef, where we had a real way-hay-hay of an evening, ladies and gentlemen, if you know what I mean! And I will be with you throughout this tremendous historic occasion, the end of history itself. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, take your places at table, the candles are lit, the band is playing, and as the force-shielded dome above us fades into transparency revealing a dark and sullen sky hung heavy with the light of livid swollen stars, I can see we're in for a fabulous evening's apocalypse.

MILLIWAYS, THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE

Guide Extract: The Restaurant at the End of the Universe is one of the most extraordinary ventures in the entire history of catering. A vast time bubble has been projected into the future to the precise moment of the end of the universe. This is, of course, impossible. In it, guests take their places at table and eat sumptuous meals whilst watching the whole of creation explode about them. This is, of course, impossible. You can arrive for any sitting you like without prior reservation because you can book retrospectively as it were when you return to your own time. This is, of course, impossible. At the restaurant you can meet and dine with a fascinating cross-section of the entire population of space and time. This is, of course, impossible. You can visit it as many times as you like and be sure of never meeting yourself because of the embarrassment that usually causes. This is, of course, impossible. All you have to do is deposit one penny in a savings account in your own era and when you arrive at the end of time, the operation of compound interest means that the fabulous cost of your meal has been paid for. This is, of course, impossible. Which is why the advertising executives of the Star System of Bastablon came up with this slogan: "*If you've done six impossible things this morning, why not round it off with breakfast at Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe?*"

MAX QUORDLEPLEEN

"A big hand please for the Great Prophet Zarquon… wherever he's got to!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Craft (Comedy) 5

TRAITS
Charming
Distinctive
Fame (Minor) – Has a +2 bonus on all social interaction rolls with those who know him

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 2

HAGGUNENON FLAGSHIP

Armour: 10. **Hit Capacity:** 50. **Speed:** 10*.

Traits: Forcefield (5 points), Scan, Transmit, Travel (Major), Vortex
Weapons: Xanthic Re-Struction Destabilised Zenon Emitters – 25(12/25/37) damage
Story Points: 15

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space

THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE

Good Traits: Advanced Technology (time bubble), Landing Pad (space docks), Minions x3 (kitchen staff, waiting staff, general service staff)

Bad Traits: Isolated, Wandering Civilians

Ford: Oh, wait a minute, wait a minute! That one there.
Zaphod: Hey, yeah! Now that is really bad for the eyes!
Ford: I mean it's so black! You can hardly even make out its shape. Light just falls into it.
Zaphod: And feel this surface.
Ford: Yeah! Hey, you can't…
Zaphod: See, it's totally frictionless… this must be one mother of a mover. I bet even the cigar lighter's on photon drive.

Zaphod: Er… which particular fleet of black battle cruisers is that, Earthman?
Arthur: Oh, the ones on the rear screens. Sorry, I thought you'd noticed them. There are about a hundred thousand. Is that wrong?
Marvin: No. What do you expect if you steal the flagship of an admiral of the space fleet?
Zaphod: Marvin! What makes you think this is an admiral's flagship?
Marvin: I know it is. I parked it for him.
Zaphod: Then why the planet of hell didn't you tell us?
Marvin: You didn't ask.
Ford: You know what we've done? We've dropped ourselves into the vanguard of a major intergalactic war.

FIT THE SIXTH

In which…

It quickly becomes apparent that the stolen ship is the flagship of the Haggunenon fleet, the Haggunenons being a militaristic and resentment-filled race capable of instantly evolving into whatever shape best meets their needs. In fact, the Haggunenon admiral and his crew are still aboard, asleep and disguised as some of the ship's fixtures and fittings. As the Haggunenons wake up, Arthur and Ford escape in one of the escape capsules, but they notice that the other is missing. Zaphod, Trillian and Marvin are trapped on the ship as the Haggunenon admiral evolves into a carbon copy of the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal and devours them. Meanwhile, the capsule teleports Ford and Arthur aboard the Golgafrinchan B-Ark, a vast ship containing one third of the population of the planet Golgafrincham. Their planet was doomed – but by precisely what, nobody seems to know. It seems that the A-Ark (containing the great leaders and achievers) and the C-Ark (containing all those who did the actual work) never left Golgafrincham, and the whole thing was a ruse to rid the planet of a useless third of the population. The B-Ark eventually arrives on planet Earth two million years in the past, where the Golgafrinchans prove themselves unsuited to running a colony. Getting a caveman to pick random tiles from his Pocket Scrabble bag, Arthur tries to determine the question to the answer to Life, the Universe and Everything, but all it comes up with is "*What do you get if you multiply six by nine?*" "*Six by nine. Forty-two. I always said there was something fundamentally wrong about the universe.*"

HAGGUNENONS

Guide Extract: The Haggunenons of Vicissitus Three have the most impatient chromosomes of any life-form in the galaxy. Whereas most races are content to evolve slowly and carefully over thousands of generations, discarding a prehensile toe here, nervously hazarding another nostril there, the Haggunenons would do for Charles Darwin what a squadron of Arcturan stunt apples would have done for Sir Isaac Newton. Their genetic structure, based on the quadruple-sterated octo-helix, is so chronically unstable that, far from passing their basic shape onto their children, they will quite frequently evolve several times over lunch. But they do this with such reckless abandon that if, sitting at table, they are unable to reach a coffee spoon, they are liable without a moment's consideration to mutate into something with far longer arms, but which is probably quite incapable of drinking the coffee.

This, not unnaturally, produces a terrible sense of personal insecurity and a jealous resentment of all stable life-forms, or "filthy rotten stinking samelings" as they call them. They justify this by claiming that as they have personally experienced what it is like to be virtually everybody else they can think of, they are in a very good position to appreciate all their worst points. This appreciation is usually military in nature and is carried out with unmitigated savagery from the gunrooms of their horribly beweaponed, Chameleoid Death Flotilla.

Experience has shown that the most effective way of dealing with any Haggunenon you may meet is to run away… terribly fast.

HAGGUNENON

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Convince 1, Fighting 3, Marksman 2, Subterfuge 5, Survival 5, Technology 2, Transport 3

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Shapeshift (Special) – The Haggunenon's Shapeshift allows it to use an Action to modify its Attributes and acquire additional Traits according to the form it takes (with few if any limitations on this)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4-6

Trillian: Did you say headrests, Zaphod? They look a lot like eyebrows to me.
Zaphod: That chair is scratching its leg.
Trillian: It's just been asleep all this time.
Ford: Arthur! For God's sake get back here quick!
Zaphod: Yeah, stand up when you sit on the admiral, primate!
Trillian: It's moving! Look, it's starting to evolve!

RAVENOUS BUGBLATTER BEAST OF TRAAL

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	1
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	-	STRENGTH	6

SKILLS
Athletics 1, Fighting 4, Survival 6

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Fear Factor 3
Natural Weapon (Minor) – Claws & Jaws: Strength +2 damage
Tough
Weakness (Minor) – Mind-bogglingly stupid

TECH LEVEL: N/A
STORY POINTS: 1-2

THE RAVENOUS BUGBLATTER BEAST OF TRAAL

Guide Extract: The Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal is such a mind-bogglingly stupid animal, it assumes that if you can't see it, it can't see you.

Captain: Oh, well! What happened you see, was our planet was doomed.
Arthur: Doomed?
Captain: Oh yes. So what everyone thought was, well let's pack the whole population in some sort of giant spaceship, you see, and go and settle on another planet!
Arthur: You mean a less doomed one.
Captain: Oh precisely, yes. So it was decided to build three ships, three Arks in space. Anyway… where's the soap? Ah! Thank you. Ah! So the idea was that into the first ship, the A Ship, would go all the brilliant leaders…
Number One: The scientists…
Captain: Yes, the great artists, you know, all the achievers. And then, into the third ship, the C Ship, would go all the people who did the actual work, who made things and did things, you see. And then in the B Ship –
Number One: That's us.
Captain: Yes. Would go everyone else, the middlemen you see. And so we were sent off first.
Arthur: But what was wrong with your planet?
Captain: Well it was doomed, as I said. Apparently it was going to crash into the sun. Or was it the moon that was going to crash into us?
Number One: No, no, I thought it was that the planet was more or less bound to be invaded by a gigantic swarm of twelve foot piranha bees.
Number Two: No, no, no. That's not what I was told! My commanding officer swore blind that the entire planet was in imminent danger of being eaten by an enormous mutant star-goat.
Ford: Oh really, really?
Number Two: Yes, and he was just hoping that the ship he was going in would be ready in time.
Arthur: But they made sure that they sent all you lot off first anyway?
Captain: Oh yes, everyone said, and very nicely I think…
Number One: Oh yes sir. Absolutely charming.
Captain: That it was very important for morale to feel that they would be arriving on a planet where they could be sure of a good haircut and where the phones were clean.
Ford: Oh yes, well I can see that would be very important.
Arthur: Can you?
Ford: Shhh, Arthur. And er… the other ships followed on after you, did they?
Captain: Ah! Well, it's funny you should mention that…
Number Two: Yes, yes isn't it?
Number One: Yes.
Captain: Because curiously enough, we haven't actually heard a peep out of them since we left.

GOLGAFRINCHAN CAPTAIN

"Ahh. Just time for another bath."

AWARENESS	**2**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 1, Knowledge 1, Transport 2

TRAITS
Authority (Minor)
Obsession (Major) – Enjoying a lovely warm bath

TECH LEVEL: 6
STORY POINTS: 2

THE SECONDARY PHASE

Douglas Adams struggled with meeting the writing deadlines for the Secondary Phase, with the final episode reputedly being written on the day of recording and the tapes having to be couriered across London to the BBC less than an hour before broadcast. Fit the Seventh was originally intended to be a "Christmas Special episode", but the final version contains no references to Christmas although it was broadcast on Christmas Eve, and in effect became the first episode of the second series. Some of the concepts of the Secondary Phase reappeared in a heavily rewritten form in Douglas Adams' second novel, *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*, along with material from the final two episodes of the Primary Phase.

FIT THE SEVENTH

In which…

Arthur and Ford remain stranded on prehistoric Earth but realise that they're at a crossroads of two alternative futures: one in which they're rescued by a spaceship, and another in which they're not. Elsewhere, Zaphod survived being eaten by the copy of the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal when the Haggunenon re-evolved into a really neat escape capsule. He has now hitchhiked his way to the offices of the Guide's publishers Megadodo Publications on Ursa Minor. He wants to see an executive called Zarniwoop after having told himself in a dream to do so to find out what he, Zaphod, is doing. Unfortunately, Zarniwoop is on an intergalactic cruise (while simultaneously being in his office) and isn't seeing anyone. Instead, Zaphod meets Marvin, who has also survived being eaten, and Roosta, a Guide researcher and friend of Ford. The offices are bombed and a series of Frogstar robots arrive to kidnap Zaphod. Although Marvin deals with the largest and final robot, the entire building is lifted off the ground to be taken to the Frogstar.

Note: It later transpires that when Zaphod and Roosta enter Zarniwoop's office in this episode, they step into an artificial universe. In Fit the Thirteenth, Trillian tells Zaphod that his recent adventures (either since this point or perhaps after his experience of the Total Perspective Vortex in Fit the Eighth) are merely delusions resulting from a psychotic episode. But Fit the Twenty-Fourth sheds more light on this…

URSA MINOR

Guide Extract: Ursa Minor is almost certainly the most appalling place in the universe. Though it is excruciatingly rich, horrifyingly sunny and more full of wonderfully exciting people than a pomegranate is of pips, it can hardly be insignificant that when a recent edition of the magazine *Playbeing* headlined an article with the words "When You Are Tired of Ursa Minor, You Are Tired of Life", the suicide rate in the constellation quadrupled overnight. *Playbeing*, a curious journal devoted in roughly equal parts to galactic politics, rock music and gynaecology, has much to answer for in this respect. The current edition carries the results of an opinion poll in which the central offices of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* have been voted the third hippest place in the whole of Ursa Minor. According to this same poll, the second hippest place in the whole of Ursa Minor is the entrance lobby to the same offices.

ROOSTA

"My name's Roosta, and this is my towel."

AWARENESS	**4**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 2, Craft (Writing) 4, Knowledge 3, Subterfuge 3, Technology 2, Transport 2

TRAITS
Reliable

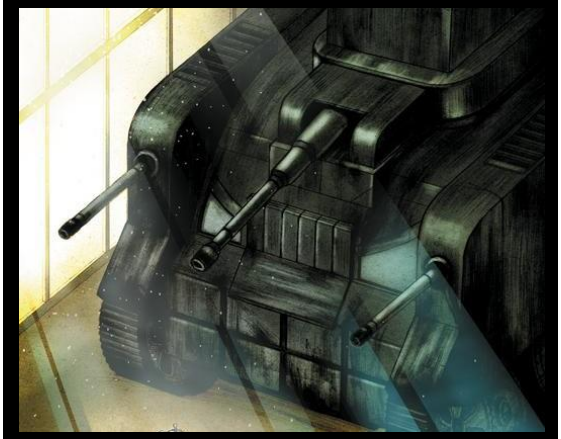
EQUIPMENT
Towel (Major: 4 Story Points - see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 5

Roosta: That was a Frogstar Scout Robot out looking for you.
Zaphod: Yeah? Hey, what was that?!
Roosta: That was a Frogstar Scout Robot Class *B* out looking for you.
Zaphod: Hey yeah?! And that?
Roosta: *A* Frogstar Robot Class *C* out looking for you!
Zaphod: Pretty stupid robots, huh?
Roosta: Heh, yeah.
Zaphod: Holy photons! What was that?!
Roosta: *A* Frogstar Robot Class *D*. I should imagine it's just picked up the reports from the first three and has come to get you.

Ford: I wonder what Roosta would do.
Arthur: Who's Roosta?
Ford: Mate of mine. Another researcher on the Guide. Great little thinker, Roosta. Great hitcher. He's a guy who really knows where his towel is.

FROGSTAR ROBOT CLASS D



"Oh, that makes me angry! Think I'll smash that wall down!"

AWARENESS	**2**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**5**
INGENUITY	**1**	**STRENGTH**	**15**

SKILLS
Marksman 4

TRAITS
Armour (10 points)
Fast (Major)
Fear Factor 2
Natural Weapon (Major) – Electron Ram: 12(6/12/18) damage
Robot
Scan
Size: Huge (Major)
Transmit

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 2

FIT THE EIGHTH

In which…

Zaphod and Roosta arrive at the Frogstar, the most totally evil place in the galaxy. After failing to escape using a body debit card, Zaphod is taunted by the Frogstar Prisoner Relations Officer before being handed over to Gargravarr, the custodian of the Total Perspective Vortex. The Vortex extrapolates the whole of creation, every sun and planet, and their social and economic histories, from one small piece of fairy cake, and provides a person with a momentary glimpse of their utter insignificance in relation to infinity. Zaphod is put into the Vortex but emerges intact, his ego apparently as large as the universe. Back on prehistoric Earth, the time paradox resolves itself, and Arthur and Ford are rescued by Zaphod and Marvin in the *Heart of Gold*.

Roosta: The Frogstar. The most totally evil place in the galaxy.
Zaphod: Do they have food there?
Roosta: Food?! Have you the faintest idea what's going to happen to you at the Frogstar?
Zaphod: They're gonna feed me?
Roosta: They're going to feed you all right!
Zaphod: Great!
Roosta: They're going to feed you into the Total Perspective Vortex!
Zaphod: The Total Perspective Vortex? Hey, what's that, man?
Roosta: Only the most savage psychic torture a sentient being can undergo!
Zaphod: So no food, huh?
Roosta: The treatment lasts one second, but the effects last your lifetime.
Zaphod: You ever had a Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster?
Roosta: This is worse.
Zaphod: Phrreeow!

ADVERTISEMENT

Information about package holidays on the Frogstar can be found in the leaflet **Sun, Sand and Suffering on the Most Totally Evil Place in the Galaxy.**

FROGSTAR PRISONER RELATIONS OFFICER

"Right, turn the fire hoses on him!!"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Convince 2, Fighting 1, Marksman 1, Survival 2, Technology 2

TRAITS
Repulsive

EQUIPMENT
Personal Teleporter (Major Gadget: Teleport)

TECH LEVEL: 7 **STORY POINTS:** 4

BODY DEBIT CARD (Major Gadget)

Traits: Teleport, Restriction – each card has a single pre-programmed destination
Story Points: 2

Zaphod: Body debit means you press this card and it debits all your molecules from where you're standing and your body goes into credit somewhere else!

GARGRAVARR

AWARENESS	5	PRESENCE	5
COORDINATION	-	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	-

SKILLS
Convince 2, Knowledge 3, Technology 3

TRAITS
Alien
Immaterial (Special Bad)
Invisible (Special Bad)

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 5

Gargravarr: I am Gargravarr. I am the custodian of the Total Perspective Vortex.
Zaphod: Oh. er, hi.
Gargravarr: Hello.
Zaphod: Hey, uh, why can't I see you? Why aren't you here?
Gargravarr: I *am* here. At least my mind is. My body wanted to come but it's a bit busy at the moment. Things to do, people to see, you know how it is with bodies.
Zaphod: I thought I did.
Gargravarr: I hope it's gone in for surgery. The way it's been living recently, it must be on its last elbows.
Zaphod: Elbows? You mean its last legs.
Gargravarr: I know what I mean.

THE TOTAL PERSPECTIVE VORTEX

Guide Extract: The Vortex derives its picture of the whole universe on the principle of extrapolated matter analyses. To explain - since every piece of matter in the universe is in some way affected by every other piece of matter in the universe, it is, in theory, possible to extrapolate the whole of creation - every galaxy, every sun, every planet, their orbits, their composition, and their economic and social history - from, say, one small piece of fairy cake. The man who invented the Total Perspective Vortex did so, basically, in order to annoy his wife. Trin Tragula, for that was his name, was a dreamer, a speculative thinker or, as his wife would have it, an idiot. And she would nag him incessantly about the utterly inordinate amount of time he would spend staring out into space, or mulling over the mechanics of safety pins, or doing spectrographic analyses of pieces of fairy cake. "Have some sense of proportion," she would say thirty-eight times a day. And so he built the Total Perspective Vortex, just to show her. And in one end he plugged the whole of reality, as extrapolated from a fairy cake, and in the other end he plugged his wife. So that, when he turned it on, she saw in one instant the whole infinity of creation and herself in relation to it. To Trin Tragula's horror, the shock annihilated her brain. But to his satisfaction, he realised he had conclusively proved that if life is going to exist in a universe this size, the one thing it cannot afford to have is a sense of proportion.

Game Effect: A character put into the Total Perspective Vortex must make a successful Difficulty 21 Presence + Resolve roll in order to avoid their Ingenuity, Presence and Resolve all being reduced to zero as their mind is obliterated.

FIT THE NINTH

In which…

Aboard the *Heart of Gold*, Ford detects a fleet of Vogon ships following them. Arthur just wants a cup of tea and is frustrated when the Sirius Cybernetics' Nutrimatic Drink Dispenser produces something almost, but not quite, entirely unlike tea. In the ensuing argument, Arthur asks the machine if it knows why he like tea, and Eddie the ship's computer engages all its circuits in finding the answer, making it impossible for Zaphod to activate the Infinite Improbability Drive to escape the Vogons. Zaphod conducts a séance to ask for help from his great-grandfather, Zaphod Beeblebrox the Fourth, who advises him to find out who is really running things and tells Eddie that Arthur likes tea because he's an ignorant monkey who doesn't know better. This satisfies Eddie and the Improbability Drive comes back on line, allowing them to escape from the Vogons.

SIRIUS CYBERNETICS CORPORATION COMPLAINTS DIVISION

Guide Extract: "Share and Enjoy" is of course, the company motto of the hugely successful Sirius Cybernetics Corporation Complaints Division, which now covers the major landmasses of three medium-sized planets and is the only part of the Corporation to show a consistent profit in recent years. The motto stands - or stood - in three-mile high, illuminated letters near the complaints department spaceport on Eadrax - "Share and Enjoy." Unfortunately, its weight was such that shortly after it was erected, the ground beneath the letters caved in and they dropped for nearly half their length through the underground offices of many talented young complaints executives, now deceased. The protruding upper halves of the letters now appear in the local language to read "Go stick your head in a pig" and are no longer illuminated, except at times of special celebration. At these times of special celebration, a choir of over two million robots sing the company song "Share and Enjoy." Unfortunately - again - another of the computing errors, for which the company is justly famous, means that the robots' voice-boxes are exactly a flattened fifth out of tune, and the result sounds something like this…

Share and enjoy
Share and enjoy
Journey through life with a plastic boy
Or girl by your side
Let your pal be your guide
And when it breaks down or starts to annoy
Or grinds when it moves
And gives you no joy
Cos it's eaten your hat
Or had sex with your cat
Bled oil on your floor
Or ripped off your door
And you get to the point you can't stand anymore
Bring it to us, we won't give a fig.
We'll tell you 'Go stick your head in a pig'

…only slightly worse.

NUTRIMATIC MACHINE

"Share and enjoy!"

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	-	RESOLVE	2
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	-

SKILLS
Craft (Dispense Drinks) 1

TRAITS
By the Program
Robot
Scan
Special – Drink Dispenser: The Nutrimatic Machine is just a glorified vending machine with an AI chip. It has no limbs and can't move, but it can dispense drinks which, with inevitable predictability, are undrinkable.

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 1

NUTRIMATIC DRINKS DISPENSER

Guide Extract: When the 'Drink' button is pressed it makes an instant but highly-detailed examination of the subject's taste buds, a spectroscopic analysis of the subject's metabolism, and then sends tiny experimental signals down the neural pathways to the taste centres of the subject's brain to see what is likely to be well received. However, no one knows quite why it does this, because it then invariably delivers a cupful of liquid that is almost, but not quite, entirely unlike tea.

Arthur: The Fourth? Zaphod Beeblebrox the Fourth?
Zaphod: Yeah. I'm Zaphod Beeblebrox, my father's Zaphod Beeblebrox the Second, my grandfather's Zaphod Beeblebrox the Third…
Arthur: What!
Zaphod: There was an accident with a contraceptive and a time machine, I can't explain it now. Come on. All hold hands on the console.

ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX THE FOURTH

"Who disturbs me at this time?"

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	1	RESOLVE	5
INGENUITY	5	STRENGTH	-

SKILLS
Convince 3, Knowledge 3

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Argumentative
Immaterial (Special Bad)
Special – Ghostly Presence: Zaphod's great-grandfather is dead and can only manifest if summoned during a séance

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 4

FIT THE TENTH

In which…

The *Heart of Gold* materialises in a very cold white cave thirteen miles above sea level and carved from very smooth, ice-coated marble. Exploring, Arthur slips and fall out of the cave's entrance, fortuitously landing on the back of a large, intelligent bird. The cave is a cup, suspended in the air by art and part of a giant sculpture titled *Arthur Dent Throwing the Nutrimatic Cup*. Arthur is taken into the statue's right ear where the birds' leader, the Wise Old Bird, explains that his people have faced two blights. The first, the blight of the machines, was resolved long ago when a vision of Arthur's argument with the Nutrimatic Drink Dispenser appeared to them in the night sky and made them realise they didn't have to *like* the machines that served them. They made the machines build the statue as a reminder and then packed them off to a slave planet. The Wise Old Bird will not speak of the second blight, but tells Arthur he must go down to the ground to find out for himself what it is. There, he meets an archaeologist named Lintilla, and they are both chased by Footwarriors. Meanwhile, Ford and Zaphod have also fallen out of the cup and landed on the back of a giant bird.

Wise Old Bird: Imagine our planet at the height of its technological civilisation in the days when we too walked on the ground, much as you do even now. Listen. Our world suffered two blights. One was the blight of the robots.
Arthur: Tried to take over did they?
Wise Old Bird: Oh my dear fellow, no, no, no, no, no. Much worse than that. They told us they *liked* us. Well, it's not their fault, poor things, they'd been programmed to. But you can imagine how we felt, or at least our ancestors. And then one night, the sky boiled…
Arthur: It what?
Wise Old Bird: Boiled, dear fellow. In the most improbable way. And this gigantic vision appeared in the sky. A man with a Nutrimatic Machine. You, Arthur Dent. And you said…
Arthur (flashback): Listen, you stupid machine, it tastes filthy! Here, take this cup back!
Wise Old Bird: …and you threw the cup at it! An astounding revelation! You were sarcastic to it! You said…
Arthur (flashback): So I'm a masochist on a diet, am I?
Wise Old Bird: You told it to…
Arthur (flashback): Shut up!
Wise Old Bird: In a moment we realised the truth: Just because the little wretches liked us, it didn't mean to say we had to like them back. And that night we rounded up every last one of the little creeps, and we set them to work to build a statue as an eternal reminder. After which we sent them to a slave planet where they're doing a very useful job making continent toupées. Toupées, for worlds where they've used up all the forests.
Arthur: But you didn't start out as birds?
Wise Old Bird: Oh, no, no, no, no. We were forced to re-evolve by the second and more deadly blight. And that was already too advanced by the time we rid ourselves of the robot blight. Ah, what woe was upon us! Imagine this - we walked! We went for strolls, we jogged, we marched, we ambled. Suffice it to say that we have sworn never to walk upon the ground again.
Arthur: What's the matter with it?
Wise Old Bird: Oh, if you want to know, you will have to descend to the ground where you will encounter those who have come to unravel the unspeakable nightmare of our past!

THE WISE OLD BIRD

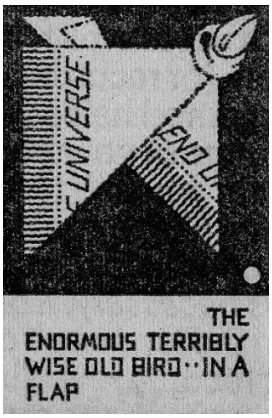
"I am but he they are kind enough to call the Wise Old Bird."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**4**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Convince 2, Knowledge 4

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Eccentric (Minor)
Flight (Major)
Phobia – The ground and shoes
Size: Huge (Minor)
Well Mannered

TECH LEVEL: 1
STORY POINTS: 4



Bird One: I think you'd better come and meet the rest of us. They're going to be terribly surprised! And so, I think, are you.
Arthur: Where do you all live?
Bird One: In your right ear. Hold on, we'll dive into it.
Arthur: Pfffew!
Bird One: What is the matter?
Arthur: The smell. It's terrible. Why don't you wash my ear out?

LINTILLA

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**4**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Convince 1, Knowledge 4 (AoE Archaeology), Medicine 1, Science 2, Subterfuge 2, Survival 3, Technology 3, Transport 1

TRAITS
Attractive
Wanted (Major) – Cloning Machine Company
Weakness (Major) – Will automatically fall in love with an Allitnil on sight, and both will be destroyed immediately they kiss

EQUIPMENT
Crisis Inducer (see page 38)
Evening Classes (see page 42)

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 10

Lintilla: We're clones.
Arthur: Ah! Clones! I've heard of that! You mean there was one of you to begin with and then exact copies were made, and now there are three of you.
Lintilla: Yes, except that there are now nearly five hundred and seventy-eight thousand million of us. It's all right, the others aren't here at the moment.

CRISIS INDUCER (Minor Gadget)

Lintilla: See this device?
Arthur Dent: Looks like a watch.
Lintilla: It's a crisis inducer. Set it to Mark Nine and... Hurry! They're after us!
Arthur Dent: Who?
Lintilla: No one! Come on! Through the tunnel! They're coming!

Description: A crisis inducer simulates a state of crisis for its wearer. It may make them believe that they have a major injury without the inconvenience of an actual injury, or that they are in mortal danger without the risk of actual mortal danger. Nevertheless, their physiognomy will react as though there is a crisis and their behaviour will be modified accordingly, even though they know this not to be true. The benefits of a crisis inducer are heightened levels of adrenaline and an increased sense of urgency.

Traits: Attribute (Coordination +1, Strength +1), Restriction – Ingenuity is reduced by 1 while the crisis inducer is in operation
Story Points: 1

THE LINTILLAS

Guide Extract: The problem of the five hundred and seventy-eight thousand million Lintilla clones is very simple to explain, rather harder to solve. Cloning machines have, of course, been around for a long time and have proved very useful in reproducing particularly talented or attractive or (in response to pressure from the Sirius Cybernetics marketing lobby) particularly gullible people and this was all very fine and splendid and only occasionally terribly confusing. And then one particular cloning machine got badly out of sync with itself. Asked to produce six copies of a wonderfully talented and attractive girl called Lintilla for a Brantisvogan escort agency, whilst another machine was busy creating five-hundred lonely business executives in order to keep the laws of supply and demand operating profitably, the machine went to work. Unfortunately, it malfunctioned in such a way that it got halfway through creating each new Lintilla before the previous one was actually completed. Which meant, quite simply, that it was impossible ever to turn it off without committing murder. This problem taxed the minds first of the cloning engineers, then of the priests, then of the letters page of *The Sidereal Record Straightener*, and finally of the lawyers who experimented vainly with ways of redefining murder, re-evaluating it and in the end even respelling it, in the hope that no one would notice. A solution has now been found, but since it is not a particularly pleasant one, it will only be revealed if it becomes absolutely necessary.

FIT THE ELEVENTH

In which…

It transpires that there are three identical Lintillas on this planet, which is called Brontitall. Due to an accident with a cloning machine, there are actually over half a billion Lintilla clones in existence, with more being produced all the time. Lintilla and Arthur are captured by Hig Hurtenflurst, the risingest young executive in the Dolmansaxlil Shoe Corporation, who explains that Brontitall was once home to a ground-dwelling civilisation. But Dolmansaxlil subjected the planet to a Shoe Shop Intensifier Ray, forcing its people to build more and more shoe shops. Eventually Brontitall went through the Shoe Event Horizon, its economy collapsed and the population evolved into birds, vowing never to walk on the ground again. Arthur and Lintilla are rescued by Marvin, who also fell from the cup but survived. Outside, Ford has forced the bird he and Zaphod landed on to take them to the ground by wrapping his towel over its eyes. As a result, they are now being mobbed by other birds and take shelter in a derelict spaceport. Investigating a ship still connected to its power lines, Zaphod is stunned by what he hears from within…

HIG HURTENFLURST

"Shoes are the economic future of this galaxy!"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	5
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 5, Knowledge 2, Marksman 1, Subterfuge 3, Technology 3, Transport 1

TRAITS
Arrogant
Loud
Obligation (Major) – The Dolmansaxlil Shoe Corporation

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 5

Hig Hurtenflurst: I only happen to be Hig Hurtenflurst, I only happen to be the risingest young executive in the Dolmansaxlil Shoe Corporation, I only happen to have masterminded the entire rationalisation of this planet to total shoe orientation, I only happen to be sitting on top of the biggest development deal in the entire history of footwear, and I only happen to be very deeply disturbed at finding my planet riddled with subversives.

FOOTWARRIOR

"Relax and enjoy your shoes!"

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Fighting 1, Marksman 2

TRAITS
Slow (Minor) – Blisters from ill-fitting shoes

EQUIPMENT
Blaster Rifle: 6(3/6/9) damage
Footwarrior Armour (Major Gadget: Armour (5 points), Transmit. Story Points: 2.)

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 1-2

THE SHOE EVENT HORIZON

Guide Extract: The Shoe Event Horizon is now a firmly established and rather sad economic phenomenon, which in future times will be taught as part of the basic middle school "Life, the Universe and Everything" syllabus. Here is a typical computer class from the Brantisvogan Megalycee, Unidate 911VCK168.

Computeach: Good morning, life-form.
Pupil: Hi, teach.
Computeach: Are you sitting comfortably?
Pupil: Yes.
Computeach: Then stand up! Harsh Economic Truths class 17. You are standing up?
Pupil: Yes.
Computeach: Good. Posit: you are living in an exciting, go-ahead civilisation. Where are you looking?
Pupil: Up.
Computeach: What do you see?
Pupil: The open sky, the stars, an infinite horizon.
Computeach: Posit: you are living in a stagnant, declining civilisation. Where are you looking?
Pupil: Down.
Computeach: What do you see?
Pupil: My shoes.
Computeach: Correct! What do you do to cheer yourself up?
Pupil: I buy a new pair.
Computeach: Correct! Now, imagine everyone does the same thing. What happens?
Pupil: More shoes.
Computeach: And?
Pupil: More shoe shops.
Computeach: Correct. And in order to support all these extra shoe shops, what must happen?
Pupil: Everyone must keep buying shoes.
Computeach: And how is that arranged?
Pupil: Manufacturers dictate more and more different fashions and make shoes so badly that they either hurt the feet or fall apart.
Computeach: So that?
Pupil: Everyone has to buy more shoes.
Computeach: Until?
Pupil: Until everyone gets fed up with lousy, rotten shoes.
Computeach: And then what?
Pupil: Massive capital investment by the manufacturers to try and make people buy the shoes.
Computeach: Which means?
Pupil: More shoe shops.
Computeach: And then we reach what point?
Pupil: The Shoe Event Horizon! The whole economy overbalances! Shoe shops outnumber every kind of shop! It becomes economically impossible to build anything other than shoe shops!
Computeach: Now, what's the final stage?
Pupil: Er, every shop in the world ends up as a shoe shop.
Computeach: Full of?
Pupil: Shoes that no one can wear.
Computeach: Result?
Pupil: Famine, collapse and ruin. Any survivors eventually evolve into birds and never put their feet on the ground again.
Computeach: Excellent! End of Lesson.

FIT THE TWELFTH

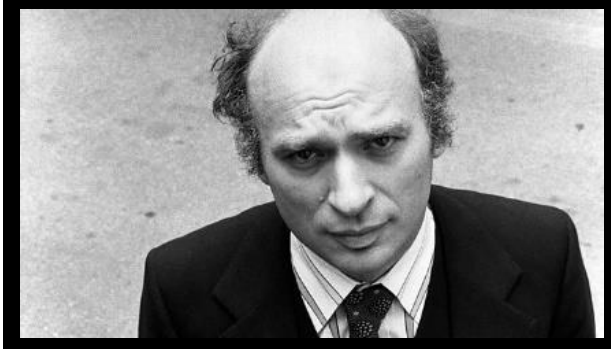
In which…

Ford and Zaphod discover that the spaceship is full of passengers who have been kept in suspended animation for over nine hundred years waiting for a consignment of lemon-soaked paper napkins before they can depart. While Arthur, Marvin and the three Lintillas are trying to escape from Hig Hurtenflurst's Footwarriors, they bump into Poodoo, Varntvar the priest and three male clones called Allitnil. The Lintillas immediately fall in love with the Allitnils, and Varntvar marries them after they've each signed the marriage certificates produced by Poodoo. But as soon as the first two couples kiss, they disappear in a puff of unsmoke. The Allitnils are anti-clones created by the cloning machine company to deal with the superfluous Lintillas, and the marriage certificates are actually agreements to cease to be. Arthur shoots the third Allitnil before he can kiss the surviving Lintilla. Meanwhile, in the spaceship, the passengers wake in a frenzy, and Ford and Zaphod flee into the First Class compartment where they meet Zarniwoop, the Megadodo Publishing executive Zaphod had been trying to find. Zarniwoop explains that they are all in an artificial universe inside his office on Ursa Minor*, and that he and Zaphod are part of a conspiracy to discover who really rules the universe. The Improbability Drive of the *Heart of Gold* is needed in order to breach the barriers protecting the ruler's world. Now that Zaphod has brought the ship here, Zarniwoop dismantles the artificial universe and they all head off to meet the real ruler. He turns out to be a vague old man living in a small shack, caring for his cat and not believing anything he cannot see with his own eyes (even doubting much which he *can* see). He says that men come to ask him questions or for advice, but so far as he's concerned the universe out there may or may not exist. He says that Zaphod is in collusion with a group of high-powered psychiatrists who wanted him to order the destruction of the Earth a few minutes too early because of an experiment. Arthur storms out and leaves in the *Heart of Gold* with Lintilla, stranding Zaphod, Ford and Zarniwoop with the old man.

***Note:** Zaphod entered the artificial universe when he and Roosta went into Zarniwoop's office in Fit the Seventh. It is revisited in Fit the Twenty-Fourth.

POODOO

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	2



SKILLS
Convince 3, Knowledge 1

TRAITS
Obligation (Major) – Cloning Machine Company

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 2

Varntvar: I now pronounce you men and wives.
Poodoo: Men, you can kiss your brides.
Two Lintillas/Two Allitnils: Aaahhhhhh!
Narrator: Nerve-wrackingly enough, the moment at which two Lintillas and two Allitnils unexpectedly vanish in what can only be described as a puff of unsmoke, coming as it does only seconds before Arthur discovers that Poodoo's alleged marriage licences are not what they purport to be, but are in fact 'agreements to cease to be' drawn up by the cloning machine company's lawyers, is also the moment at which it becomes necessary to consider new developments in the Ford Prefect-Zaphod Beeblebrox situation.

ALLITNIL

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 1

TRAITS
Attractive
Weakness (Major) - Will automatically fall in love with Lintilla on sight, and both will be destroyed immediately they kiss

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 1

VARNTVAR THE PRIEST

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Knowledge 2

TRAITS
Eccentric (Minor) – Extremely taciturn

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 1

EVENING CLASSES (Minor Gadget)

Arthur: Ah, well I'm not very skilled at repairing spaceships.
Lintilla: You can learn.
Arthur: Take a bit of time, I think.
Lintilla: You could take some evening classes.
Arthur: What, here?
Lintilla: Yes, I've got a bottle of them. Little pink ones.

Traits: Skill (AoE Spaceship Repair*)
Story Points: 1

*Lintilla may have evening classes for other Skills (providing 2 points) or Areas of Expertise (providing 1 AoE).

Autopilot: Please return to your seats!
Zaphod: We're not… Hello, can you hear me?
Ford: What's happening on this hell ship?
Autopilot: There has been a delay. The passengers are kept in temporary suspended animation for their comfort and convenience. Coffee and biscuits are served every ten years, after which passengers are returned to suspended animation for their comfort and convenience. Departure will take place when flight stores are complete. We apologise for the delay.
Ford: Delay? Have you seen the world outside this ship? It's a wasteland, a desert. Civilisation's been and gone. It's over. There are no lemon-soaked paper napkins on the way from anywhere.
Autopilot: The statistical likelihood is that other civilisations will arise. There will one day be lemon-soaked paper napkins. Till then, there will be a short delay. Please return to your seats.
Ford: We are not…
Autopilot: Please return to your seats! Return to your seats! Return to your seats! Return to your seats!
Ford: Come on, let's…
Autopilot: Return to your seats!
Ford: Let's get out of here! This way!

ZARNIWOOP

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	5
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	5
INGENUITY	5	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 5, Knowledge 5, Marksman 2, Science 1, Subterfuge 5, Survival 1, Technology 3, Transport 2

TRAITS
Charming
Wealthy (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 6

Whether this Zarniwoop is the same person as Zarniwoop Vann Harl depends on your reality.

Zaphod: Well for starters, I'll have who, what, when and where, and then whither, whether, whence and wherefore to follow, and one big side order of why.
Zarniwoop: It's terribly simple. Long ago, you and I and others planned to discover who it was who was ruling the galaxy; who was making all the decisions behind the President's back. I found where he was located and retreated to the safe hiding of the bar in the first class lounge of a forgotten spaceship in an artificial universe. Meanwhile, you would do the most important job. You stole the Infinite Improbability Drive ship, without which it would be impossible to breach the barriers protecting his world. And then you brought it to my hiding place. I'll just bring your ship down, then we can get out of here and get on with it.

The major problem - *one* of the major problems, for there are several - one of the *many* major problems with governing people is that of who you get to do it; or, rather, of who manages to get people to let them do it to them. To summarise: it is a well-known and much lamented fact that those people who most *want* to rule people are, ipso facto, those least suited to do it. To summarise the summary: anyone who is capable of getting themselves made President should, on no account, be allowed to do the job. To summarise the summary of the summary: people are a problem. And so this is the situation we find: a succession of Galactic Presidents who so much enjoy the fun and palaver of being in power that they never really notice that they're not. And somewhere in the shadows behind them - who? Who can possibly rule if no one who wants to can be allowed to?

THE MAN IN THE SHACK

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	2

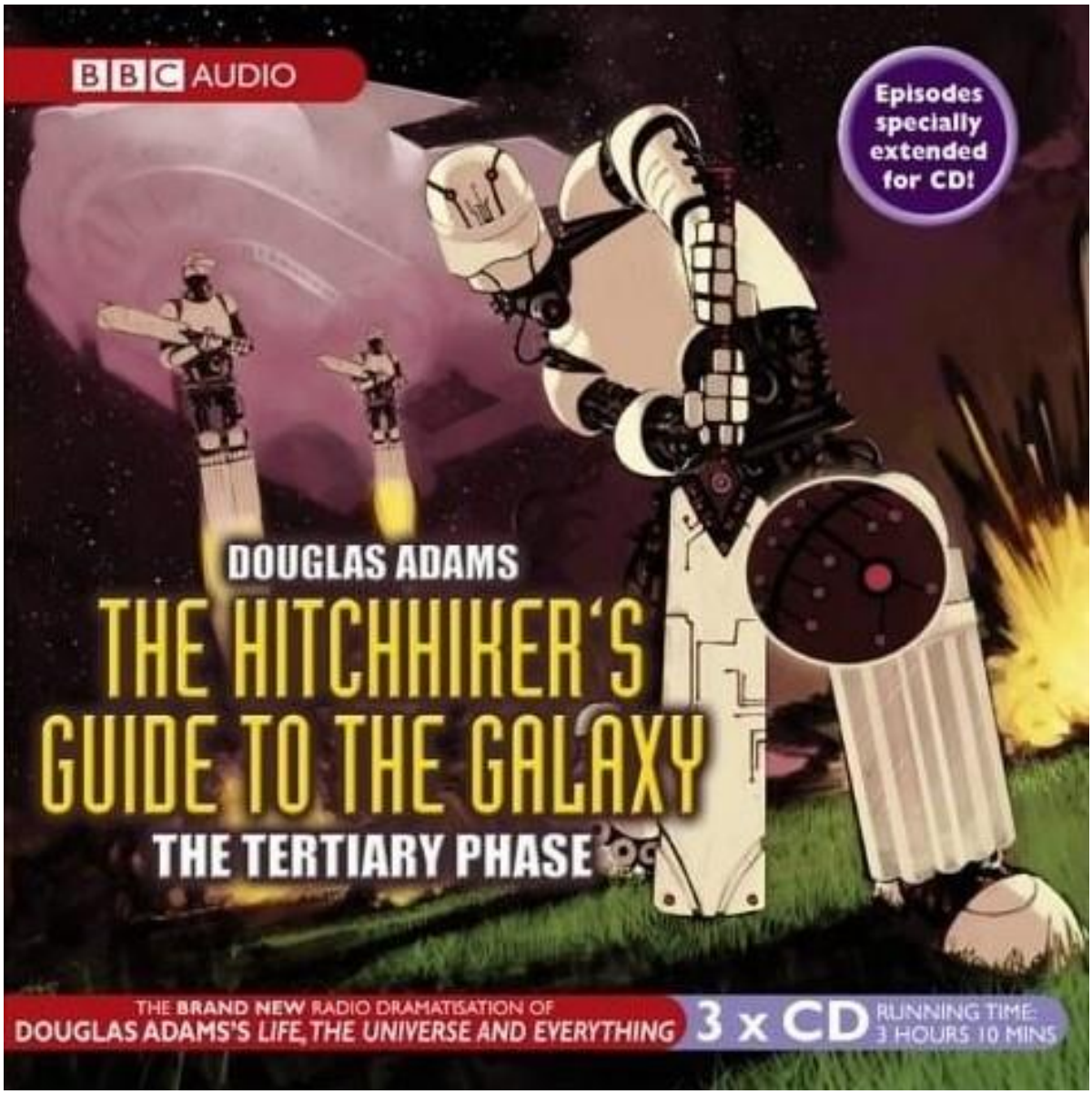
SKILLS
Knowledge 2

TRAITS
Eccentric (Major)
Face in the Crowd

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 2

Man in Shack: I only decide about *my* universe. My universe is what happens to my eyes and ears. Anything else is surmise and hearsay. For all I know, these people may not exist. *You* may not exist. I say what it occurs to me to say.
Zarniwoop: But don't you see? What you decide affects the fate of millions of people.
Man in Shack: I don't know them, I've never met them. They only exist in words I think I hear.

THE TERTIARY PHASE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3 x CD
RUNNING TIME: 3 HOURS 10 MINS

The Tertiary Phase was adapted by Dirk Maggs from Douglas Adams' third *HHGTTG* novel, *Life, the Universe and Everything*, much of the plot of which was originally written as a prospective *Doctor Who* script that was rejected by the production office. The *Doctor Who* script has since been novelised by James Goss and published as *Doctor Who and the Krikkitmen*.

Fit the Thirteenth relegates most of the Secondary Phase to the status of Zaphod's delusions, which presumably started either when he and Roosta entered Zarniwoop's artificial universe in Fit the Seventh, or when he was put in the Total Perspective Vortex in Fit the Eighth. However, Fit the Twenty-Fourth establishes that many if not all of these delusions were in fact real after all.

FIT THE THIRTEENTH

In which…

On prehistoric Earth, Arthur hasn't seen Ford for over four years, but he almost gets a lift off-planet when an immortal named Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged arrives to insult him. Wowbagger departs, leaving Arthur speechless with rage. When Ford unexpectedly reappears, they manage to jump onto a sofa that arrives through an eddy in the space-time continuum and vanishes back into it with them clinging on (see page 57 for the source of this phenomenon). On the *Heart of Gold*, Trillian tells Zaphod that his recent adventures have just been a psychotic episode. Fed up with his behaviour, Trillian gets Eddie the computer to teleport her to a random destination. And on the planet Squornshellous Zeta, Marvin is stuck in a swamp talking to a sentient mattress called Zem, his movements limited to walking in a tight circle as one of his legs has been replaced with a metal stick which doesn't bend.

MATTRESSES

Guide Extract: In an infinitely large universe, such as, for instance, the one in which we live, most things one could possibly imagine, and a lot of things one would rather not, grow somewhere. Thus it is that very few things actually get manufactured these days. A forest was discovered recently in which most of the trees grew ratchet screwdrivers as fruit. The life cycle of a ratchet-screwdriver fruit is quite interesting. Once picked it needs a dark dusty drawer in which it can lie undisturbed for years. Then one night it suddenly hatches, discards its outer skin, which crumbles into dust, and emerges as a totally unidentifiable little metal object with flanges at both ends and a sort of ridge and a sort of hole for a screw. This, when found, will get thrown away. No one knows what it is supposed to gain from this. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, is presumably working on it. No one really knows what mattresses are meant to gain from their lives either. They're large, friendly, pocket-sprung creatures which live quiet private lives in the swamps of Squornshellous Zeta. They flollop about, blowing bubbles through the water, their blue and white stripes glistening in the feeble rays of its sun. Many of them get caught, slaughtered, dried out, shipped out and slept on. None of them seem to mind, and all of them are called Zem.

ZEM

"Willomywillomywillomywillomy…"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**1**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Survival 3

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Alien Organs (Minor)
Environmental (Minor) - Amphibious

TECH LEVEL: 1 **STORY POINTS:** 2

BOWERICK WOWBAGGER THE INFINITELY PROLONGED

Guide Extract: Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged thinks he is a man with a purpose. Not a very good purpose, as he would be the first to admit, but at least it keeps him busy; keeps him on the move. For Wowbagger is one of the universe's very small number of immortal beings. Those born to immortality instinctively know how to cope with it, but Wowbagger's not one of them. Indeed, he's come to hate them, and he refers to them succinctly, and often, as 'the load of serene bastards'. He had his immortality inadvertently thrust upon him by an unfortunate accident with an irrational particle accelerator, a liquid lunch and a couple of rubber bands. The precise details of the accident are unimportant as no one has ever managed to duplicate the exact circumstances under which it happened – though many people have ended up looking very silly, or dead or more usually both, in the attempt. To begin with, it was fun. He had a ball, living dangerously, taking risks, cleaning up on high-yield long-term investments and just generally outliving the hell out of everybody. But even the joys of immortality can't last forever, and as the afternoon moved relentlessly on to four o'clock, he would enter the long dark tea-time of the soul. And so things began to pall for him. The smug smiles he used to wear at other people's funerals started to fade. He began to despise the universe in general and everybody in it in particular, and thus he conceived his purpose.

Wowbagger: I will insult the universe! I will insult everybody in it! I will insult them all. Individually. Personally. One by one. And… in alphabetical order!

Guide Extract (continued): He equipped a spaceship that was built to last with a computer capable of keeping track of the entire population of the known universe, plotting the horrifically complicated itineraries involved and joining up the resultant dots in the hope of randomly drawing a rude word. When people protested further, he would merely fix them with a steely look and say…

Wowbagger: It passes the time.

BOWERICK WOWBAGGER THE INFINITELY PROLONGED

"You're a complete jerk!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 2, Knowledge 5, Marksman 1, Science 2, Subterfuge 1, Technology 3, Transport 2

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Arrogant
Fast Healing (Special)
Immortal (Special)
Obsession (Major) – Insulting everyone in the universe… in alphabetical order
Weakness (Minor) – Wowbagger's Immortality may be negated by some of the artefacts from his original accident

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 8

FIT THE FOURTEENTH

In which…

The sofa deposits Arthur and Ford at Lord's cricket ground the day before the Earth was destroyed by the Vogons. A cricket ball lands in Arthur's bag and he decides to keep it rather than hand it back. Ford detects a Somebody Else's Problem Field powered by bistromathics and disguising the presence of a spaceship, the *Starship Bistromath*. It belongs to Slartibartfast, who is here to demand to be given the Ashes, the trophy the two cricket teams are playing for. A second spaceship arrives, and a team of eleven Krikkit robots emerges to lay waste to the ground before taking the Ashes and departing. In the midst of the destruction, Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged arrives in order to insult a man named Arthur Philip Deadat. Arthur and Ford leave with Slartibartfast. On Squornshellous Zeta, Marvin's conversation with Zem is interrupted by the arrival of the Krikkit robots who take his false leg and then return to take the rest of him.

BISTROMATHICS

Guide Extract: The Bistromathic Drive is a wonderful new method of crossing vast interstellar distances without all that dangerous mucking about with Improbability Factors. Bistromathics itself is simply a revolutionary new way of understanding the behaviour of numbers. Just as Einstein observed that time was not an absolute but depended on the observer's movement in space, so it's now realised that numbers are not absolute but depend on the observer's movement in restaurants. The first non-absolute number is the number of people for whom the table is reserved. This will vary and bear no apparent relation to the number of people who actually turn up, or to the subset of people who leave when they see who else has turned up. The second non-absolute number is the given time of arrival, which is the one moment of time at which it's impossible that any member of the party will arrive. The third and most mysterious piece of non-absoluteness of all lies in the relationship between the number of items on the bill, the cost of each item, the number of people at the table and what they are each prepared to pay for. And so it was only with the advent of pocket computers that the startling truth became finally apparent, and it was this: numbers written on restaurant bills within the confines of restaurants do not follow the same mathematical laws as numbers written on any other pieces of paper in any other parts of the universe. This single fact took the scientific world by storm. It completely revolutionised it. So many mathematical conferences got held in such good restaurants that many of the finest minds of a generation died of obesity and the science of maths was put back by years.

STARSHIP BISTROMATH

Armour: 4. **Hit Capacity:** 20. **Speed:** 10*.

Traits: Innocuous (Major), Scan, Teleport, Transmit, Travel (Major), Vortex. Restriction – Tricky Controls
Story Points: 13

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space.

Arthur: Good Lord. This is Slartibartfast's ship? It looks very different close up.
Ford Prefect: Ah. That's the Somebody Else's Problem field at work. Now you can clearly see the ship for what it is, simply because you know it's here. Whereas no one else here can.
Arthur: Probably because close up it looks much less like a spaceship and much more like a small upended Italian bistro.
Slartibartfast: Yes, I know, but there is a reason.
Ford Prefect: For a flight deck, this looks very like the lobby of an Italian restaurant.
Slartibartfast: Deep in the fundamental heart of mind and universe, there is a reason.
Ford Prefect: I'd say the fundamental heart of mind and universe can take a running jump, this spaceship is complete pants.
Arthur: It's not very high tech, is it? Plastic ivy, cheap tiles and those raffia-wrapped bottles you're trying to fit candles in.
Slartibartfast: The flight controls?

SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM FIELD

Guide Extract: Sometimes it's much cheaper and easier to make people think that something works rather than actually make it work. After all, the result is, in all important aspects, the same. The technology involved in making something properly invisible is so mind-bogglingly complex that nine hundred and ninety-nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety times out of a billion it's simpler just to take the thing away and hide it. The Somebody Else's Problem field is much simpler, more effective and can be run for over a hundred years on a nine-volt battery. This is because it relies on people's natural predisposition not to see anything they don't want to, weren't expecting or can't explain. Even if they walked past it, round it, even over it, they would simply never notice that the thing was there.

Game Effect: A Somebody Else's Problem field is simply a type of perception filter. Anything with an SEP has either Face in the Crowd or Innocuous (Major).

FX: A KRIKKIT SHIP APPEARS IN THE SKY OVERHEAD WITH A NOISE LIKE A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE SAYING 'WOP'
Arthur: Is that a cricket team arriving from some other galaxy? Or another publicity stunt for Australian margarine?
Ford Prefect: …ten, eleven… All in white, carrying bats and balls…
Arthur: …and flying down with cricket pads… no, rocket pads. On their shins.
FX: A ROBOT LANDS NEAR THEM. ROCKET PADS SWITCH OFF.
Krikkit Robot: Howzat.
Ford Prefect: They're dressed like cricketers, but they're *robots*.
Krikkit Robot: Silly mid-on.
FX: A KRIKKIT WAR CLUB PROPELS A KRIKKIT WAR GRENADE INTO THE STANDS, WHERE IT EXPLODES EXTRAVAGANTLY.
Arthur: What was that?!
Krikkit Robot: LBW.
Arthur: It's incredible – they're doing a bizarre parody of batting strokes, except that every ball they hit explodes where it lands.
Ford Prefect: I can see that.
Arthur: I do not know why they are doing this, but that is what they are doing. They're not just destroying Lord's, they're sending it up… Ford, they're taking the…
Ford Prefect: Precisely.
FX: THE EXPLOSIONS DIE DOWN. CROWD PANIC CONTINUES.
Krikkit Robot: We declare.
FX: ELEVEN PAIRS OF ROCKET PADS IGNITE. THE ROBOTS SHOOT BACK UP TO THEIR SHIP.

KRIKKIT ROBOT

"Howzat!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**5**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**5**

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Fighting 4, Marksman 5, Technology 2, Transport 3

TRAITS
Armour (8 points)
By the Program
Environmental (Minor) – Krikkit robots do not breathe
Fear Factor 1 (Fear Factor 3 to those aware of their history)
Flight (Major)
Networked (Major)
Quick Reflexes
Robot

EQUIPMENT
Krikkit War Club: Strength +4 damage as battle club, or L(4/L/L) damage as energy blaster (Armour Piercing on both, ignoring the first 5 points of Armour)
Krikkit War Grenade: 20(10/20/30) damage in Range increments of 8(4/8/12) metres

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 1-3

The sound of a hundred thousand people saying 'wop' is the registered trade mark of the **Krikkit Cola Corporation**.

FIT THE FIFTEENTH

In which…

On board the *Starship Bistromath*, Slartibartfast shows Arthur and Ford an Informational Illusion about Krikkit, a planet hidden behind a dust cloud that obscures the stars from its surface. It was only when a spaceship crashed on Krikkit that the people of Krikkit learned of the existence of the rest of the universe. Horrified, they promptly decided to destroy it. Arthur and Ford learn of the two-thousand-year war waged against the universe by the Krikkit robots, which ended in the defeat of the Krikkiters. The planet Krikkit was sentenced to be sealed in a Slo-Time Envelope, within which time would pass almost infinitely slowly, so that when the people of Krikkit finally emerge towards the end of the universe, there will be nobody left for them to wage war on and they can enjoy their solitude. The Wikkit Gate, the key to the Slo-Time Envelope, was dismantled and its component parts scattered through time and space to prevent it being used to free the people Krikkit prematurely. However, one ship of Krikkit robots escaped before the Envelope was sealed. Slartibartfast tells Arthur and Ford that now, ten billion years later, several of the Wikkit Gate's components have been reappearing. He failed to retrieve the Wooden Pillar of Nature and Spirituality at Lord's, but they must now try to find the Silver Bail of Peace at a party. Meanwhile, on the *Heart of Gold*, the Krikkit robots steal the Infinite Improbability Drive and shoot Zaphod. Back on the *Bistromath*, when Arthur, Ford and Slartibartfast try to teleport to the party where the Silver Bail of Peace is located, Arthur instead finds himself in a cave without the others. Neon signs warn him to be very, very frightened, and a hideous bat-like creature appears. "*Bet you weren't expecting to see me again!*"

THE WIKKIT GATE

Slartibartfast: At the Campaign for Real Time I noticed that five pieces of jetsam which had, in relatively recent times, plopped back into existence seemed to be corresponding to five pieces of the missing Key. Only two I could trace exactly: the Wooden Pillar, which appeared on your planet, and the Silver Bail, which seems to be at some sort of party. We must go there and retrieve it before the Krikkit robots find it, or who knows what may happen?

Although Slartibartfast does not yet know it, the identity of the five sections of the Wikkit Gate will eventually be revealed as follows…

- **The Steel Pillar of Strength and Power** – now Marvin's false leg
- **The Wooden Pillar of Nature and Spirituality** – now the reconstituted cricket stump that was burned to create the Ashes to signify 'the death of English cricket'
- **The Perspex Pillar of Science and Reason** – now the Argabuthon Sceptre of Justice
- **The Golden Bail of Prosperity** – now the Infinite Improbability Drive, the heart of the *Heart of Gold*
- **The Silver Bail of Peace** – now the Rory Award for the Most Gratuitous Use of the Word 'Fuck' in a Serious Screenplay

…and it is these artefacts that the Krikkit robots that stopped play at Lord's are collecting.

FIT THE SIXTEENTH

In which…

The bat-like creature, Agrajag, claims that Arthur has been killing him in all his incarnations. But one of the instances he mentions hasn't happened to Arthur yet, and will not happen until Arthur visits Stavromula Beta, so logically Agrajag can't kill him at this time. This doesn't stop Agrajag from trying by collapsing the mountain on top of them. Arthur survives by spontaneously learning to fly, while Agrajag once again dies. Arthur flies to the party where he re-joins Ford and Slartibartfast and meets several unusual partygoers. They discover Trillian being chatted up by the Norse thunder-god, Thor. The Silver Bail of Peace is now the Rory Award for the Most Gratuitous Use of the Word 'Fuck' in a Serious Screenplay but is stolen by the Krikkit robots. Arthur tricks Thor into leaving the party, so Trillian comes with them to the *Bistromath*. As the Krikkit robots now have all five components of the Wikkit Gate, Slartibartfast announces that they must head there to try to stop them unlocking the Slo-Time Envelope.

Agrajag: Bet you weren't expecting to see me again.
Arthur: But… but I've never, *ever* seen a housefly as big as a dog…
Agrajag: Or perhaps you remember me better as the rabbit.
Arthur: The rabbit? It's only a hologram, Arthur, keep calm. The rabbit. The *rabbit*? No, I'm afraid I don't!
Agrajag: Born in darkness, raised in darkness. One morning I poked my head out for the first time into the bright new world and got it split open by what felt like some primitive instrument made of flint.
Arthur: What?
Agrajag: Made by you, Arthur Dent, and wielded by you. You turned my skin into a bag for keeping interesting stones in. I happen to know that because in my next life I came back as a fly again and you swatted me. Again.
Arthur: Yes, but I…
Agrajag: Only this time you swatted me with the bag you'd made of my previous skin. Arthur Dent, you are not merely a cruel and heartless man, you are also staggeringly tactless! I see you have lost the bag. Probably got bored with it, did you?
Arthur: No. No!
Agrajag: Meet the newt you trod on. That was me, too. As if you didn't know! The interesting thing about reincarnation is that most people, most spirits, are not aware that it is happening to them. I was aware. That is, I became aware. Slowly. Gradually. I could hardly help it, could I, when the same thing kept happening, over and over and over again! Every life I ever lived, I got killed by Arthur Dent. Any world, any body, any time, I'm just getting settled down, along comes Arthur Dent – pow, he kills me!
Arthur: Look, I do th…
Agrajag: Hard not to notice. Bit of a memory-jogger. Bit of a pointer. Bit of a bloody giveaway!
Arthur: No, really, I…
Agrajag: That's funny,' my spirit would say to itself as it winged its way back to the netherworld after another fruitless Dent-ended venture into the land of the living, 'that man who just ran over me as I was hopping across the road to my favourite pond looked a little familiar…' And gradually I got to piece it together, Dent, you multiple-me-murderer!
Arthur: But what I don't underst…
Agrajag: Here's the moment, Dent, here's the moment when at last I knew!
Arthur: Ugh? Ugh! No, no, no, I'm sorry, I'm sure I've never been in a huge pink wet cave with a vast, slimy creature rolling around over white tombstones! Oh my God… it's the inside of my mouth. And that's an oyster. I'm swallowing an oyster! An oyster that… oh… was… you.

AGRAJAG

"Oh no, not again!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**4**

SKILLS
Convince 1, Fighting 1, Knowledge 1, Survival 1, Technology 1

TRAITS
Adversary (Minor) – Arthur Dent
Alien
Alien Appearance
Fear Factor 1
Natural Weapon (Minor) – Razor Teeth: Strength +2 damage (but any attempted attack will do the same damage to itself)
Repulsive
Special – Reincarnation Memory: Agrajag can remember all his reincarnations, even as a bowl of petunias above Magrathea
Unlucky
Weakness (Major) – Arthur Dent: Every single reincarnation is destined to die because of Arthur Dent, and Agrajag cannot kill him until Arthur has been to Stavromula Beta

TECH LEVEL: 6 **STORY POINTS:** 2

THE LONGEST PARTY

Guide Extract: When Arthur Dent, Ford Prefect and Slartibartfast arrived, the longest and most destructive party ever held was into its fourth generation and still no one showed any sign of leaving. The mess was extraordinary, and had to be seen to be believed. There had recently been some bangs and flashes up in the clouds, and there is one theory that these were battles being fought between the fleets of several rival carpet-cleaning companies, who were hovering over the thing like vultures, but you shouldn't believe anything you hear at parties, and particularly not anything you hear at this one. One of the problems, and one which would obviously get worse, was that all the people at the party were either the children or the grandchildren or the great-grandchildren of the people who wouldn't leave in the first place. And because of all the business about selective breeding and regressive genes and so on, it meant that all the people currently at the party were either absolutely fanatical partygoers or gibbering idiots – or, more and more frequently, both. Either way, it meant that, genetically speaking, each succeeding generation was now less likely to leave than the preceding one. Now because of certain things that had happened which seemed like a good idea at the time (and one of the problems with a party which never stops is that all the things which only seem like a good idea at parties continue to seem like good ideas), one of the things which seemed like a really good idea at the time was that the party should fly. Literally. One night, long ago, a band of drunken astro-engineers clambered round the building calibrating this, fixing that, banging very hard on the other, and when the sun rose the following morning, it was startled to find itself shining on a building full of happy drunken people which was floating like a young and uncertain bird over the treetops. The flying party had also managed to arm itself rather heavily. If they were going to get involved in any petty arguments with wine merchants, they wanted to make sure they had might on their side. They looted, they raided, they held whole cities to ransom for fresh supplies of cheese crackers, avocado dip and wine and spirits. But the planet over which they were floating was no longer the planet it had been when they started. It was in bad shape and had been since long before Agrajag destroyed its only respectable mountain, in the vain attempt to kill Arthur Dent. But it was one hell of a party.

FLYING

Guide Extract: There is an art, or rather, a knack to flying. The knack lies in learning how to throw yourself at the ground and miss. Pick a nice day, it suggests, and try it. The first part is easy. All it requires is simply the ability to throw yourself forward with all your weight, and the willingness not to mind that it's going to hurt. That is, it's going to hurt if you fail to miss the ground. Most people fail to miss the ground, and if they're really trying properly, the likelihood is that they will fail to miss it fairly hard. Clearly, it's the second point, the missing, which presents the difficulties. One problem is that you have to miss the ground accidentally. It's no good deliberately intending to miss the ground because you won't. You have to have your attention suddenly distracted by something else when you're halfway there, so that you're no longer thinking about falling, or about the ground, or about how much it's going to hurt if you fail to miss it. It is notoriously difficult to prise your attention away from these three things during the split second you have at your disposal. Hence most people's failure, and their eventual disillusionment with this exhilarating and spectacular sport.

MISSING THE GROUND (Special Good Trait)

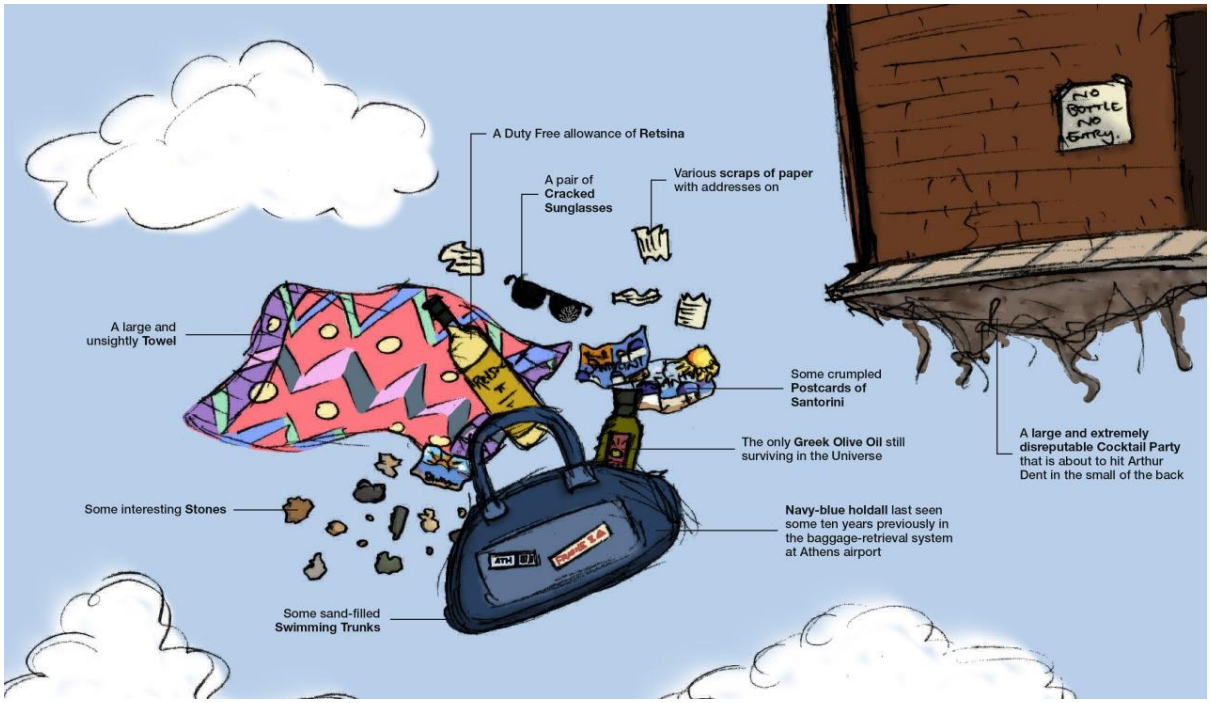
A character with this trait has learned how to fly by throwing themselves at the ground and accidentally missing (requiring a Difficulty 12 Ingenuity + Resolve roll; failure causes 1 damage). As with Flight (Major), the character can fly as high as they like, and at over 100 metres their effective Speed is three times their Coordination. Unlike Flight, this is not an Alien trait and can be purchased by humans (with the GM's permission).

Missing the Ground costs 1 Character Point.

THE AIRBORNE PARTY

Armour: 3. **Hit Capacity:** 10. **Speed:** 6.

Traits: Flight (Major), Travel
Story Points: 3


A Duty Free allowance of Retsina
A pair of Cracked Sunglasses
Various scraps of paper with addresses on
A large and unsightly Towel
Some crumpled Postcards of Santorini
The only Greek Olive Oil still surviving in the Universe
A large and extremely disreputable Cocktail Party that is about to hit Arthur Dent in the small of the back
Some interesting Stones
Navy-blue holdall last seen some ten years previously in the baggage-retrieval system at Athens airport
Some sand-filled Swimming Trunks
NO BOTTLE NO PARTY.

FIT THE SEVENTEENTH

In which…

Although it may not appear to be immediately relevant, the Guide relates an entry on the Silastic Armorfiends of Striterax, who lived twenty billion years ago. They were so violent that they built a gigantic supercomputer, Hactar, and asked it to design an ultimate weapon capable of destroying the universe. Hactar did so but included a flaw, so the Silastic Armorfiends destroyed Hactar and the asteroid it was built on. Back on the *Bistromath*, Arthur, Ford, Slartibartfast and Trillian are too late to prevent the Krikkit robots from opening the Wikkit Gate and releasing the planet Krikkit from the Slo-Time Envelope. They find Zaphod aboard the Krikkit robots' ship, having inexplicably been knocked out by them rather than killed, and take him back to the *Bistromath*. Arthur also retrieves the Wooden Pillar of Nature and Spirituality and the Golden Bail of Peace. The latter is the Infinite Improbability Drive, so he gives this to Zaphod, who leaves in the *Heart of Gold*. The remaining four land on Krikkit, where they learn that the Krikkiters have a bomb that can destroy everything. Meanwhile, Zaphod has also come to Krikkit and discovers that the ship that crashed on the planet and which led to the Krikkiters becoming aware of the rest of the universe is a fake. He also hears Marvin singing a depressing tune.

THE SILASTIC ARMORFIENDS OF STRITERAX

Guide Extract: It is a mistake to think you can solve any major problems just with potatoes. For example, consider the insanely aggressive race called the Silastic Armorfiends of Striterax. Luckily they lived twenty billion years ago, when the galaxy was young and fresh, and every idea worth fighting for was a new one. And fighting was what the Silastic Armorfiends of Striterax did well. And as often as possible. The best way to pick a fight with a Silastic Armorfiend was just to be there. They didn't like it, they got resentful. The best way of dealing with a Silastic Armorfiend was to leave him alone because sooner or later he would simply beat himself up. In time, as the birth rate was far exceeded by the murder rate, they realised that this was something they were going to have to sort out, and they passed a law decreeing that everyone had to spend at least forty-five minutes a day punching a sack of potatoes in order to work off his or her or its surplus aggressions. This worked well, until someone thought that it would be much less time-consuming if they just shot the potatoes instead. Another achievement of the Silastic Armorfiends of Striterax is that they were the first race who ever managed to shock a computer. It was a gigantic space-borne computer called Hactar, which to this day is remembered as one of the most powerful ever built; like a natural brain, every cellular particle of it carried the pattern of the whole within it, which enabled it to think more flexibly and imaginatively, and also, it seemed, to be shocked. The Silastic Armorfiends were engaged in a war with the Strenuous Garfighters of Stug, and when the Strangulous Stilettans of Jajazikstak joined in and forced them to fight on another front, they decided enough was enough, and ordered Hactar to design them an Ultimate Weapon. So Hactar designed a very very small bomb which was simply a junction box in hyperspace that would when activated connect the heart of every major sun with the heart of every other major sun at once and thus turn the entire universe into one gigantic hyperspatial supernova. However, when the Silastic Armorfiends tried to use it, they were extremely irritated to find that it didn't work, and said so. Hactar replied that it was shocked by the whole ideas, as there was no conceivable consequence of not setting the bomb off that was worse than the known consequence of setting it off, and had introduced a flaw into the design. The Silastic Armorfiends disagreed with Hactar with extreme prejudice. Then, pausing only to smash the hell out of the Strenuous Garfighters of Stug, and the Strangulous Stilettans of Jajazikstak, they went on to find an entirely new way of blowing themselves up. Which came as a profound relief to everyone else in the galaxy, particularly the Garfighters, the Stilettans and the potatoes,

SILASTIC ARMORFIEND

"You lookin' at me?"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	1	STRENGTH	5

SKILLS
Fighting 4, Marksman 3, Technology 1

TRAITS
Adversary (Major) – Pretty much everyone else, including potatoes and themselves
Alien
Alien Appearance
Argumentative
Fear Factor 1
Impulsive
Tough

EQUIPMENT
Silastic Armour (5 points)
Silastic Destructo-Blaster: L(4/L/L)

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 2-4

KRIKKITER RACE PACKAGE

Traits: Prejudice (Major: Everyone else)
Cost: -2 points

Narrator: This is Krikkit. The place that could not countenance the existence of any other place, whose charming, delightful, intelligent inhabitants would react with fear, savagery and pathological hate when confronted with anyone not their own. Possibly the most dangerous place in the Galaxy for anyone who isn't a Krikkiter to stand.
Arthur: Remember the Informational Illusion? How black the night sky of Krikkit was?
Ford Prefect: Yeah?
Arthur: Look at it now.
Trillian/Ford/Slartibartfast: Mmm.
Trillian: Hundreds of spaceships and big grey buildings. Just hanging up there.
Slartibartfast: War Zones and Robot Zones floating in Nil-O-Grav fields. The planet Krikkit has retained its pleasant green pastoral character, but the space around it reflects a sustained bout of aggressive military spending. Shhhh! They're coming!
Krikkit Civilian 1: Hello?
Krikkit Civilian 2: Excuse me…
Krikkit Civilian 1: Are you… aliens? Tell us, alien brother, do you know anything about something called the… er…
Krikkit Civilian 2: Balance of nature? It's just something we heard about, um, probably nothing important. Oh well, er, I suppose we'd better kill you, then.
Krikkit Civilian 1: That is… unless there's anything you want to chat about?
Krikkit Civilian 3: We're worried, you see, about this plan of universal destruction.
Krikkit Civilian 1: Vis-à-vis the… um…
Krikkit Civilian 2: Balance of nature.

FIT THE EIGHTEENTH

In which…

Having been connected to their central war computer, Marvin has made the Krikkit robots very depressed, explaining why they couldn't be bothered to kill Zaphod. Trillian addresses the Elders of Krikkit to try to convince them not to detonate their ultimate weapon. A robot detonates it anyway, but it turns out to be a dud. Returning to the *Heart of Gold* outside the dust cloud around Krikkit, Arthur, Ford, Trillian, Zaphod and Slartibartfast encounter the supercomputer Hactar in its own pocket of gravity. The Silastic Armorfiends had failed to destroy Hactar and it became the dust cloud. It has been using the Krikkiters to try to fulfil the function the Armorfiends built it for and destroy the universe with an ultimate weapon. Hactar cloaked the planet Krikkit to isolate it, influenced the Krikkiters to become xenophobic, crashed the fake starship onto their world, and assisted their development of space travel, the Krikkit robots and their ultimate weapon. Arthur, Ford and the others disperse Hactar, but it says it has already fulfilled its function. The *Heart of Gold* picks up a man named Prak who, because of the arrival of the Krikkit robots intent on stealing the Argabuthon Sceptre of Justice, was accidentally injected with ten times the maximum dose of a truth drug before giving evidence at a trial. He has just finished telling "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", much of which he finds hilarious. Arthur asks Prak if he knows the ultimate question, but he replies that the ultimate question and the ultimate answer can't both be known in the same universe, then dies of exhaustion from all his laughing. The *Heart of Gold* heads to Lord's cricket ground so that Arthur can return the Ashes. Unable to find anyone to hand them to, Arthur decides to bowl the ball he caught on his previous visit, as there's a batsman standing at the wicket. As Arthur starts his run up, Ford realises that the batsman is a Krikkit robot and the ball is Hactar's real ultimate weapon, the Supernova Bomb that will destroy the universe. Fortunately, Arthur is hopeless at cricket and the ball goes wide, allowing Ford to catch it while Arthur decapitates the robot with its own war club.

Hactar: Please, make yourselves comfortable. And I really must congratulate you on the accuracy of your deductions.
Trillian: Can you construct real things too? I… I mean solid objects?
Hactar: Ah. You are thinking of the spaceship. Yes, I can. But it takes enormous effort and time. All I can do in my… particle state, you see, is encourage and suggest… tiny pieces of space debris – a few molecules here, a few hydrogen atoms there – I encourage them together. I can tease them into shape, but it takes many aeons.
Trillian: So, did you make the wrecked spacecraft that crashed on Krikkit?
Hactar: I repented, you see, for sabotaging my own design for the Silastic Armorfiends. It was not my place to make such decisions. I was created to fulfil a function and I failed in it. I negated my own existence. I deliberately nurtured the planet of Krikkit till they would arrive at the same state of mind as the people who built me, and require of me the design of the bomb I failed to make the first time. I wrapped myself around the planet and coddled it. Under the influence of events I was able to generate, they learned to hate like maniacs. Mind you, I had to make them live in the sky. On the ground my influences were too weak. When they were locked away from me in the envelope of Slo-Time, their responses became very confused and they were unable to manage. I was only trying to fulfil my function.
Trillian: Nothing else?
Hactar: Well, there was also the little matter of revenge. Of course, I was pulverised, then left in a crippled and semi-impotent state for billions of years. And there's nothing quite like wiping out the universe to get your point across.

HACTAR AS AN NPC

As with Deep Thought (see page 22), Hactar does not have stats. It is a supercomputer with god-like intelligence, still operating even though it was reduced to a dust cloud by the Silastic Armorfiends billions of years ago. Hactar can create pockets of atmosphere and gravity within its particulate mass in which characters can confront and converse with it. It can also create visual illusions using its dust. Given millions of years, it can create solid objects, such as sofas.

Hactar is trying to fulfil its purpose and destroy the universe, and although it has almost succeeded, it is by now ancient and doddery and longing for a final death.

PRAK

"Oh, let's find a frog we can laugh at!"

AWARENESS	**2**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**1**	**RESOLVE**	**1**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**1**

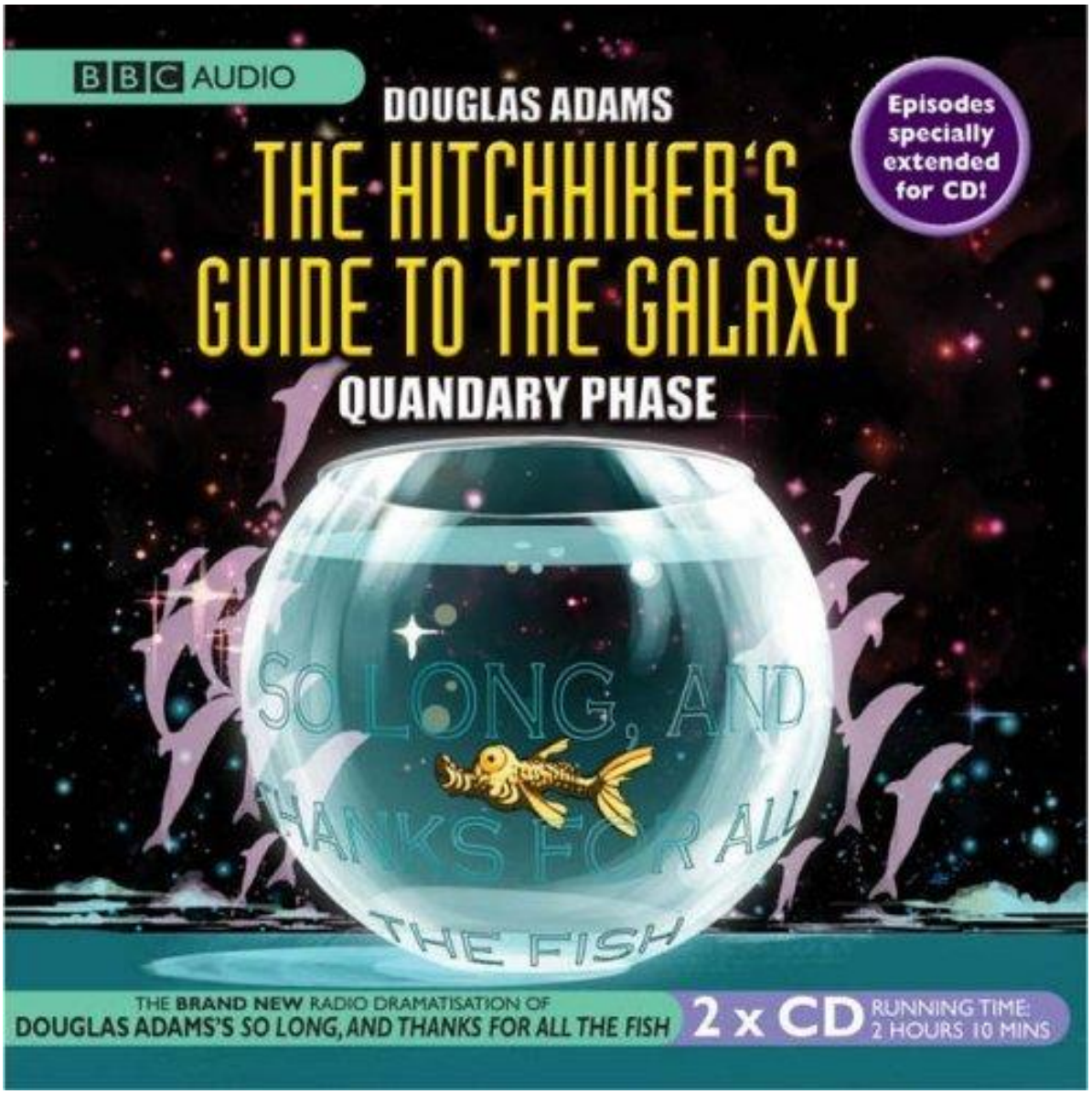
SKILLS
Knowledge 3

TRAITS
Distinctive
Eccentric (Major) – Driven mad by Truth
Weakness (Major) – **Utterly Exhausted by the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth:** Although he has forgotten most of the Truth, Prak still finds a lot of what he can remember utterly hilarious, particularly the bits about frogs and Arthur Dent. He needs to make a Difficulty 12 Ingenuity + Resolve roll to be able to stop laughing long enough to take any other action. Any Bad result means he takes a point of damage, while Disastrous means he suffers a fatal heart attack (Lethal damage) from the strain of it all.

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 1

Arthur: We thought you'd be still telling the Truth, Whole and Nothing But.
Prak: Oh, that. I was. But then I finished. There's not nearly as much of it as people imagine. Some of it is pretty funny, though. Oh, I can't remember any of it now. I thought of writing some of it down, but then I thought, why bother? (*Maniacal laughter*) I'm not sure I haven't done myself an injury. (*Burst of mad snorting*)
Arthur: You remember none of it?
Prak: Um… no. Oh, except most of the good bits were about frogs, I remember that. (*Another sudden maniacal outburst*) You wouldn't believe some of the things about frogs! Come on, let's go and find ourselves a frog! Boy, will I ever see them in a new light! And what's this?
Arthur: Me? Oh, my name's Arthur Dent.
Prak: No kidding? You're Arthur Dent? What – *the* Arthur Dent? (*Another burst*) Blimey, you… without a doubt… you really… you just leave the frogs standing!

THE QUANDARY PHASE


BBC AUDIO
DOUGLAS ADAMS
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
QUANDARY PHASE
Episodes specially extended for CD!
SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH
THE BRAND NEW RADIO DRAMATISATION OF
DOUGLAS ADAMS'S SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH
2 x CD
RUNNING TIME: 2 HOURS 10 MINS

The Quandary Phase was adapted by Dirk Maggs from Douglas Adams' fourth *HHGTTG* novel, *So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish*. This introduces the concept of the blonde, American version of Tricia McMillan (played by Sandra Dickinson in the radio adaptation) being a separate character from an alternative Earth to the dark-haired English one going by the name Trillian (played by Susan Sheridan).

FIT THE NINETEENTH

In which…

Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz is informed that the Earth once again exists. Meanwhile, in Han Dold City, Ford notices that the Guide's entry on the Earth has been updated with his original, much longer version and decides to head there. On that very planet, Arthur has hitched his way back, also having discovered that its entry in the Guide has been replaced. Trying to return to his house in Cottington, he first gets a lift with Rob McKenna, who unknown to himself is a rain god, and then with a man named Russell. Russell's sister Fenchurch is asleep on the back seat, but Russell tells Arthur that she's mad as she's still suffering after-effects from the hallucinations everyone had of large yellow spaceships, explained as something MI5 or the CIA put in the water supply.

VOGONS – PART TWO

Guide Extract: Vogons are unpleasant enough to gaze upon in their youth, and the passing years do nothing to enhance their appearance. *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* has a neat little animation showing how the highly domed nose rising above their small, green-skinned foreheads tends to develop growths sprouting tufts of coarse hair in middle age. Their voices and social skills are similarly prone to decay. All Vogons, particularly those of the Prostetnic class and above, rise to power not so much by merit as by sheer thick-willed slug-brained stubbornness and quite a lot of shouting, and any appeal to their better nature is by definition flogging a dead Equinusian packbeast.

Evolution gave up on the Vogons at almost the precise moment they emerged from the primeval seas of Vogsphere, panting, heaving and demanding a towel. In turn, the Vogons said to themselves, '*Who needs evolution, anyway?*' and what nature refused to do for them they simply did without, until such time as their myriad anatomical deficiencies could be rectified with surgery. Their planet was developing fairly significant hygiene issues with the ensuing membrane mountains and liposuction lakes when the Vogons suddenly discovered the principles of interstellar travel and migrated to the Megabrantis cluster, the political hub of the Galaxy. Bureaucracy is a parasite that preys on free thought and suffocates free spirit, and the Vogons love bureaucracy above all things. Thus within a few short Vog years, the philosophers who once governed the Galaxy were banished to the Tax Return Office to lick stamps, and now the Galactic Civil Service, like everything else, is a strictly Vogon operation. In most respects the modern Vogon differs little from his primitive forebears. For example, every year the Vogons import twenty-seven thousand of the scintillating jewelled scuttling crabs that decorate their native planet in order to while away one happy drunken night smashing them to bits with iron mallets.

Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz is fairly typical of his species in that he started his career being thoroughly vile and has now worked his way up to utterly hateful. Especially to other Vogons.

ROB MCKENNA

"I'm a miserable bastard and I know it."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 1, Transport 3 (AoE Lorries)

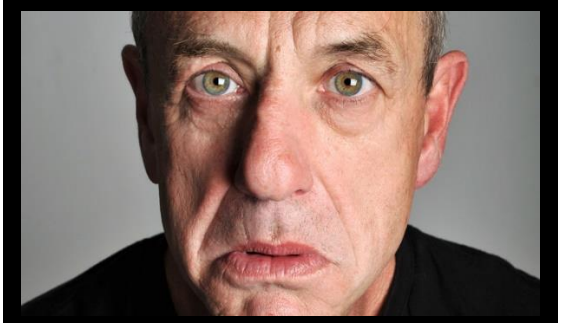
TRAITS
Argumentative
Special – Rain God: Wherever Rob McKenna goes, it rains. Non-stop. He's catalogued 232 type of rain so far, and he hates them all.

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 4

All Arthur Dent knows at this moment is that the rain clouds which scud away in the lorry's wake are allowing him to dry off at last. All Rob McKenna knows is that the weeks he spends on the roads are wet and miserable and that he cannot remember his last sunny holiday. All the clouds know is that they love him and want to be near him, to cherish him, to nurture and to water him. For Rob McKenna is, in fact, a rain god.

The Earth is a world whose entire entry in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* comprises the two words 'Mostly harmless'. The author of this entry is named Ford Prefect and he is, at this precise moment, far away, on a far from harmless world, sitting in a far from harmless bar, recklessly courting trouble. Whether it is because he is drunk, ill or suicidally insane would not be apparent to the casual observer; not that there are any casual observers in the Old Pink Dog Bar on the lower South Side of Han Dold City. One of those nasty hushes has descended on the place, a sort of missile-crisis sort of hush, broken only by the evil-looking bird perched on the bar continually screeching the names of local contract killers. All eyes are on Ford Prefect. Some of them are on stalks. Literally.

OLD PINK DOG BARMAN



"You pay your drinks bill in cash, or you surrender your breathing privileges."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**4**

SKILLS
Convince 3, Fighting 4, Marksman 3

TRAITS
Menacing
Tough

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 2

FIT THE TWENTIETH

In which…

Arthur has fallen in love with Fenchurch even though she's still asleep on the car's back seat. When Russell drops him off, he finds his house not to have been demolished after all, but he has received plenty of junk mail and a glass bowl inscribed with the message "*So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish.*" He has however lost his copy of the Guide. In the Pleiades System, Ford has hitched a lift on board a sales scoutship for the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation. Before he disembarks, he forces the pilot into suspended animation and connects the ship's phone to British Telecom's Speaking Clock in order to run up a huge bill. Back on Earth, Arthur fails to trace Fenchurch but spots her on her way to catch a train to London, where she lives. He buys her a drink but then loses her phone number after she's caught her train. Meanwhile, Ford is now aboard a Xaxis dreadnought which comes under attack by their enemies, the Zirzla. In Islington, while trying to locate the spot where he lived two million years ago, Arthur accidentally finds Fenchurch's house and discovers that she has his copy of the Guide, which he'd dropped in her brother's car.

Fenchurch: Maybe you should know that I suffer from sudden startling revelations. I can tell when it's going to happen. For days before, the strangest feeling builds in me, as if I was being connected into something. Thing is, it was so simple, when it came.
Arthur: What was?
Fenchurch: That's what I don't know. And the sense of loss is getting unbearable. I was in a café. In Rickmansworth, having a cup of tea. This was after days of this build-up, becoming connected up. I was sort of buzzing, gently. And I was watching some work going on at a building site opposite, over the rim of my teacup. And suddenly, there it was in my mind, this message from somewhere. And it was so simple. It made such sense of everything. I just sat up and thought, 'Oh! Oh well, that's all right then.' I was so startled I almost dropped my teacup, in fact I think I did drop it. Yes, I'm sure I did. That was the point at which it seemed to me – quite literally – as if the world… *exploded*. I know everybody talks about big yellow spaceships and how the whole thing was a hallucination, but if it was, then I have hallucinations in big-screen 3D surround sound and should probably hire myself out to people who are bored with movies. It was as if the ground was ripped from under my feet… and… and I woke up in hospital. I've been in and out ever since. And that's why I seem to have a fear of sudden revelations that everything's going to be all right.

FENCHURCH

"Was I found in a handbag in the left-luggage office at Fenchurch Street Station? No."

AWARENESS	**4**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Athletics 1, Convince 2, Craft (Cello) 2, Knowledge 2, Subterfuge 2, Technology 1

TRAITS
Attractive
Missing the Ground (see page 53)
Special – Revelations: Fenchurch occasionally has "revelations" (treat as Precognition combined with sudden, important insights)

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 6

FIT THE TWENTY-FIRST

In which…

Fenchurch tells Arthur that her brother just made up the stuff about her being mad. The truth is that she experiences revelations. For example, just before the Vogon Constructor Fleet arrived to demolish the Earth, she had suddenly realised what it was that had been going wrong with the world all this time, and she finally knew how it could be made a good and happy place. But she can't remember what it was. The only lead she has is that all the dolphins disappeared, and the only man who might know something about that lives in California. Elsewhere, a Vogon inquiry decides that the Earth still exists because it's located in a Plural Sector, which are noted for dimensional instability. Although its demolition was cancelled, Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz decides to destroy all possible versions of the Earth. Back on the planet in question, Arthur notices that Fenchurch's feet hover an inch above the ground and learns that they have done so ever since the dolphins disappeared. He teaches her to fly. They travel to California to find Wonko the Sane, who knows more about dolphins than anyone. At Wonko's inside-out house, the Outside of the Asylum, they realise that all three have a bowl with the same inscription and discover that when gently tapped they play a farewell audio message from the dolphins, who left Earth to escape its demolition.

Arthur: I'm horribly confused. Out there you've got carpet up to the kerb of the Pacific Coast Highway, your exterior walls are hung with bookshelves and pictures and the sign above the front door says, 'Come Outside', so here we are, inside, sitting by a garden path, surrounded by rough brick walls.
Wonko the Sane: Yes. Here we are Outside the Asylum. When you go back through the door there, to where you parked your ride, you go Inside the Asylum. I never go myself. If I am tempted, I simply look at the sign.
Fenchurch: That one?
Arthur: 'Hold stick near centre of its length. Place pointed end in mouth. Insert in tooth space, blunt end next to gum. Use gentle in-out motion.'
Fenchurch: And those are the instructions…
Wonko the Sane: On a set of toothpicks. It seemed to me that any civilisation that had so far lost its head as to need to include a set of instructions in a packet of toothpicks was no longer one in which I could live and stay sane.
Arthur: But you are… ?
Wonko the Sane: Oh, I call myself Wonko the Sane, to reassure people. Wonko is what my mother called me when I was a clumsy kid, knocking things over, and sane is what I intend to remain. And the angels with golden beards and green wings and orthopaedic sandals agree with me.
Arthur: Um… And they visit… when?
Wonko the Sane: Weekends, mostly, on little scooters. They are great machines.

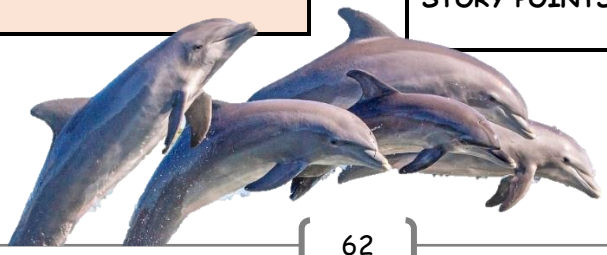
WONKO THE SANE

AWARENESS	5	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 1, Knowledge 4 (AoE Dolphins), Medicine 2, Science 4 (AoE Marine Biology)

TRAITS
Eccentric (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 4

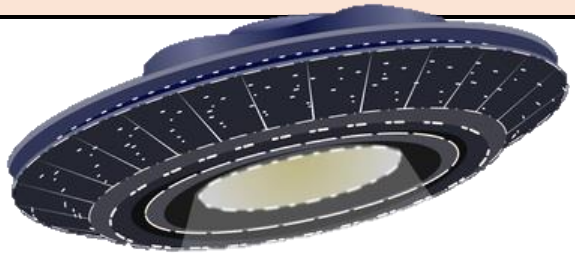


FIT THE TWENTY-SECOND

In which…

Heading back to Arthur's cottage, Arthur and Fenchurch hitch a lift with Rob McKenna and hear a trailer for a current affairs programme presented by a blonde version of Tricia McMillan with an American accent. They also hear a news report of a huge flying saucer landing on Knightsbridge. Ford has found his way to Arthur's cottage and is drunk by the time Arthur and Fenchurch get there. He had arrived on Earth in the Xaxis ship, the flying saucer on Knightsbridge, and he manages to get all three of them on board before it leaves. Arthur has realised that multiple Earths exist, and this one isn't his Earth after all. Arthur and Fenchurch go to Preliumtarn to see God's Final Message to His Creation, which both Prak and Wonko had mentioned, in the hope it will provide a clue to Fenchurch's forgotten revelation. There, they find Marvin. He is now thirty-seven times older than the universe, what with all the travelling through time, and is barely functional. They help him get to the Message, which reads "*We apologise for the inconvenience.*" Marvin feels good about it and finally dies. Arthur and Fenchurch decide to travel the universe. But during a hyperspace jump, Fenchurch suddenly vanishes as if she had never existed!

Newsreader: The flying saucer was described as 'coming down with a complete disregard for anything beneath it including a large area of Knightsbridge, which it has flattened.' It is estimated to be nearly a mile across, with a hatchway which crashed down through the Harrods Food Halls, demolishing Harvey Nichols. After some time an immense silver robot, a hundred feet tall, emerged
Xaxisian Robot (recording): I come in peace. Take me to your lizard.
Ford Prefect: Dramatic arrival, don't you think?
Arthur: You stowed away aboard that robot's ship?
Ford Prefect: Yes.
Arthur: 'Take me to your lizard'?
Ford Prefect: It comes from a very ancient democracy, you see.
Arthur: What? A world of lizards?
Ford Prefect: No. Nothing anything like so straightforward. On its world, the people are people. The leaders are lizards. The people hate the lizards and the lizards rule the people. They use brainwashing. Reality TV, lifestyle magazines, the usual stuff.
Arthur: If it's a democracy, why don't people get rid of the lizards?
Ford Prefect: It honestly doesn't occur to them. They've all got the vote, so they all pretty much assume that the government they've voted in more or less approximates to the government they want, so they go back to watching TV.
Arthur: You mean they actually vote for the lizards?
Ford Prefect: Oh yes, of course.
Arthur: But why?
Ford Prefect: Because if they didn't vote for a lizard, the wrong lizard might get in.



XAXISIAN ROBOT

"Take me to your lizard!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**1**	**STRENGTH**	**15**

SKILLS
Fighting 2, Marksman 2, Technology 4, Transport 3

TRAITS
Adversary (Major) – The Zirzla
Armour (10 points)
Immune – Bullets & other small-scale injuries
Robot
Size: Colossal

TECH LEVEL: 7 **STORY POINTS:** 2

XAXISIAN AI TOOLS

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**1**
COORDINATION	**4**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**1**	**STRENGTH**	**1**

SKILLS
Fighting 2, Technology 5

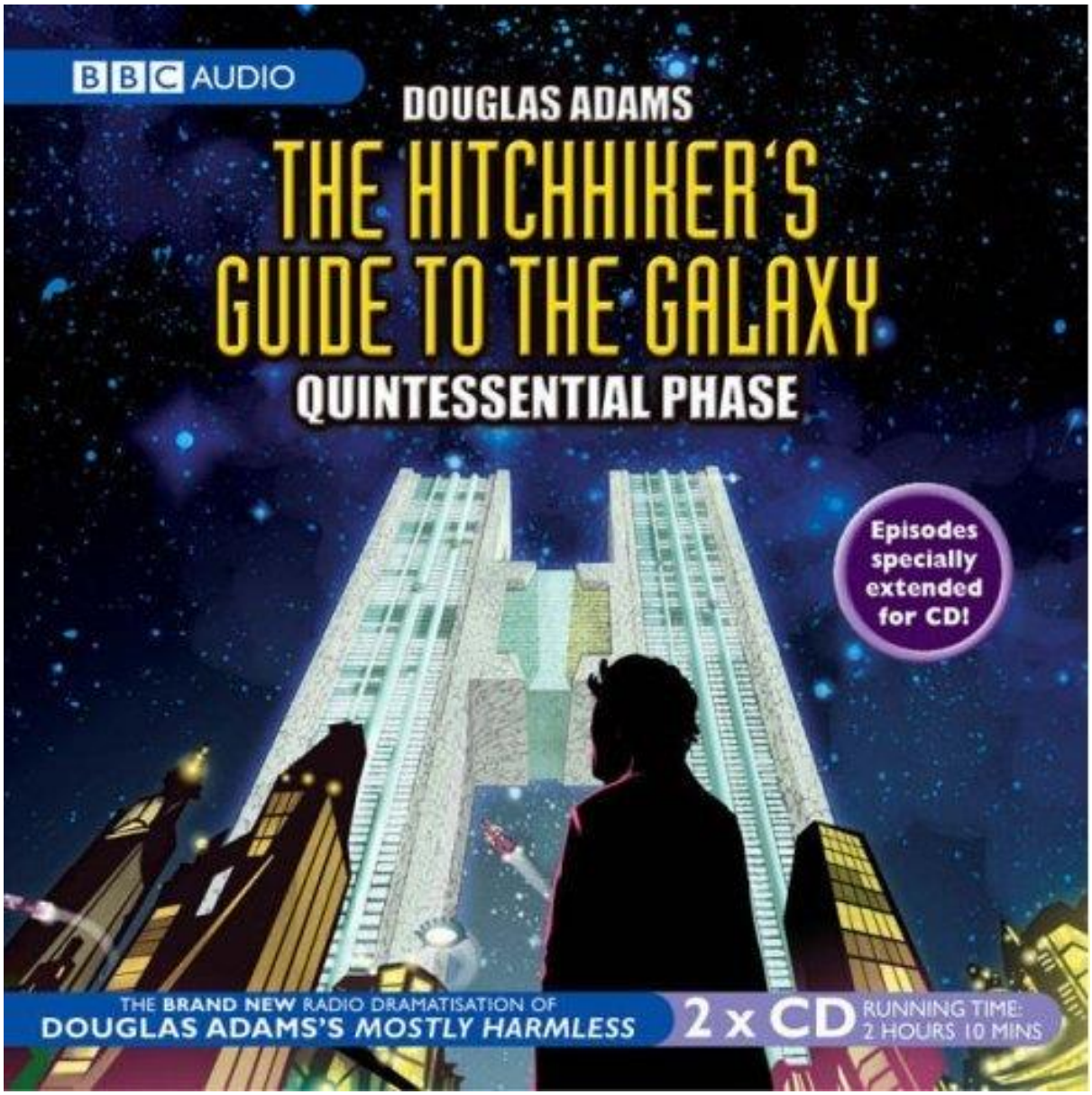
TRAITS
Flight (Major), Machine, Natural Weapon (Minor: Various cutting, drilling and/or bludgeoning attachments - Strength +2 damage), Robot, Size: Tiny (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 7 **STORY POINTS:** 1

GOD'S FINAL MESSAGE TO HIS CREATION

Guide Extract: Beyond what used to be known as the Limitless Lightfields of Flanux, until the Grey Binding Fiefdoms of Saxaquine were discovered lying behind them, lie the Grey Binding Fiefdoms of Saxaquine. Within the Grey Binding Fiefdoms of Saxaquine lies the star named Zarss, around which orbits the planet Preliumtarn on which is the land of Sevorbeupstry, and in the land of Sevorbeupstry is the Great Red Plain of Rars, bounded on the south side by the Quentulus Quazgar Mountains, on the further side of which travellers will find, in thirty-foot-high letters of fire, God's Final Message to His Creation. The place is guarded by the Lajestic Vantrashell of Lob. He is a little man in a strange hat and he sells pilgrims a ticket. Pilgrims to the Great Red Plain of Rars soon realise they are not the first to pass that way, for the path that leads around the left of the Great Plain is well worn and dotted with sales booths; one of which sells fudge, baked in an oven in a cave in the mountain, heated by the fire of the letters that form God's Final Message to His Creation. Another sells postcards of the Message with the letters blurred by an airbrush, the reason being so as not to spoil the Big Surprise! Every twenty miles or so there is a little stone hut with showers and sanitary facilities, but the going is tough, and the high sun bakes down on the Great Red Plain, which ripples in the heat. *The Hitchhiker's Guide* explains that only at the foot of the Quentulus Quazgar Mountains is God's Last Message to His Creation clearly visible, written in blazing letters along their barren ridge. There is a little observation point, with a rail built along the top of a large rock facing it, from where one can get a good view. It has a little pay-telescope for looking at the letters in detail, but it's never needed as the letters burn with the divine brilliance of the heavens and would, if seen through a telescope, severely damage the retina. Those who gaze upon God's Final Message gaze in wonderment, and are slowly and ineffably filled with an overwhelming sense of peace, and of final and complete understanding: 'We apologise for the inconvenience.'

THE QUINTISSENTIAL PHASE


BBC AUDIO
DOUGLAS ADAMS
THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
QUINTESSENTIAL PHASE
Episodes specially extended for CD!
THE BRAND NEW RADIO DRAMATISATION OF
DOUGLAS ADAMS'S MOSTLY HARMLESS
2 x CD
RUNNING TIME: 2 HOURS 10 MINS

The Quintessential Phase was adapted by Dirk Maggs from Douglas Adams' fifth and final *HHGTTG* novel, *Mostly Harmless*. The radio version has a distinctly more upbeat ending than that of the novel. It was rewritten as such as Adams had expressed regret for the bleak tone of the book, which he explained as being the result of having had "a thoroughly miserable year".

FIT THE TWENTY-THIRD

In which…

A damaged Grebulon ship whose crew have lost almost all their memories and therefore cannot remember their mission lands on Rupert, the newly-discovered tenth planet from Earth's sun, and starts to monitor events on Earth. A year after losing Fenchurch, Arthur discovers that, in the version of reality he now finds himself in, a planet called NowWhat exists where the Earth should be. He is advised at an information desk that beings from Plural Zones risk slipping dimensions during hyperspace jumps and, for further advice, is directed to Hawalius, planet of oracles and prophets. We learn that back when Zaphod first met Trillian, he had also just met a blonde, American version of her at a party on an alternative Earth, but he was too drunk to notice. The blonde version, Tricia McMillan, hadn't left the party with Zaphod as he'd left while she went back to get her handbag, and he went on to meet the other Trillian at the next party. Back in the present, Tricia is a news anchor hoping to secure a post with a New York TV station, but she forgets her contact lenses and can't read the autocue at the audition. On Saquo-Pilia Hensha, Zaphod is at the new offices of the Guide, as he's convinced that the events he experienced in Zarniwoop's artificial universe were not just his delusions. He locates Zarniwoop Vann Harl, who promises to explain. Ford also sneaks into the Guide's offices. He reprograms a security robot so that it's ecstatically happy to help him and renames it Colin. Colin tells him that the Guide has been taken over and is under new management. Ford finds Zarniwoop waiting for him in his office.

GREBULONS

Guide Extract: Once time travel was discovered and battles started pre-erupting hundreds of years before the issues even arose, confusion reached quantum levels. And when the Infinite Improbability Drive arrived and whole planets started turning unexpectedly into banana fruitcake, the history faculty of the University of Maximegalon finally gave up and surrendered its buildings to the rapidly expanding faculty of Divinity and Water Polo, which had been after them for years. This almost certainly means that no one will ever know for sure where the Grebulons came from, or exactly what it was they wanted.

Their sub-light ship had been travelling for millennia when a routine ten-yearly check of its systems resulted in a fairly significant error message. It slowly became clear that the ship's memory, all the way up to – and including – its central mission module was missing, removed by the meteorite which had not only knocked a large hole in the ship, but also in that part of its equipment which was supposed to detect if the ship was hit by a meteorite. The Grebulon ship no longer had the faintest idea where its destination was or how to reach it. Tiny scraps of instructions – about monitoring something - were all it could reconstruct from the tatters of its memory.

The ship immediately revived all of its crew, but while in hibernation, all of its memories, identities and instructions – kept in the ship's central mission module for safe keeping – had also been lost. Thus they also had not the faintest idea of who they were and what they were doing.

Before its core systems shut down for good, the ship looked for somewhere to land and something to monitor. The planet it found to land on was so achingly far from the sun that should warm it that it took all its Envir-O-Warm machinery and LifeSupport-O-Systems to render it any way O-habitable. There were other, nearer planets, but the ship's Strateej-O-Mat was obviously locked into Lurk mode. As far as finding something to monitor was concerned, though, the Grebulons hit solid gold…

NOWWHAT

Guide Extract: The planet of NowWhat was named after the first words of the earliest settlers to arrive there, after struggling across light years of the galaxy. The main town is called OhWell. There aren't any other towns to speak of. Settlement there has not been a success. In an economy based almost entirely on revenge, the major activities pursued on NowWhat are those of catching, skinning and eating NowWhattian boghogs, which are the only form of life on NowWhat, all other having long ago died of despair. The boghogs are tiny, vicious creatures, and the small margin by which they fall short of being entirely inedible is the margin by which life on the planet is sustained.

The main trade on NowWhat is in the skins of the NowWhattian boghog, but it isn't successful because no one in their right minds would want to buy one. Making clothing out of boghog skins is an exercise in futility, since they are unaccountably thin and leaky. So what is the boghog's secret of keeping warm? If anyone had ever learnt the language of the boghogs, they would have discovered that there is no trick. The boghogs are as cold and wet as everyone else on the planet. No one has had the slightest desire to learn the language of the boghogs for these are creatures whose only form of communication is through biting each other very hard on the thigh.

The NowWhat spaceport has a sign saying 'Even travelling despondently is better than arriving here.' To welcome visitors, the Arrivals Hall features a picture of the President of NowWhat, smiling. It was taken shortly after he shot himself, so although the photo has been retouched, the smile it wears is rather a ghastly one. The side of his head has been drawn back on in crayon. The truth is that no one wants to be President of NowWhat. There is only one ambition which anyone on the planet ever has, and that is to leave.

NOWWHATTIAN BOGHOG

ATTRIBUTES: Strength 1, Coordination 3, Awareness 3
SKILLS: Fighting 2, Survival 6
TRAITS: Size: Tiny (Major), Tough
TECH LEVEL: N/A
STORY POINTS: 1

TRICIA MCMILLAN

"Do I get exclusive story rights?"

AWARENESS	**4**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**5**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Convince 3, Craft (Journalism) 4, Knowledge 3, Science 4 (AoE Astrophysics), Subterfuge 2, Technology 3, Transport 3

TRAITS
Attractive
Experienced
Fame (Minor) – Has a +2 bonus on all social interaction rolls with those who know them
Technically Adept

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 9

THE WHOLE GENERAL SORT OF MISH MASH

Guide Extract: *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* has, in what we laughingly call the past, had a great deal to say on the subject of parallel universes. Very little of this is, however, at all comprehensible to anyone below the level of Advanced God, and since it is now well established that all known gods came into existence a good three millionths of a second after the universe began rather than, as they usually claimed, the previous week, they already have a great deal of explaining to do as it is, and are therefore not available for comment on matters of deep physics at this time. The first thing to realise about parallel universes is that they are not parallel. Neither are they, strictly speaking, universes either. Any given universe is not exactly a *thing* as such, but just a way of looking at what is technically known as the WSOGMM, or Whole Sort of General Mish Mash. The WSOGMM doesn't actually exist either, but is the sum total of all the different ways there would be of looking at it if it did. You can slice the WSOGMM any way you like and you will generally come up with something that someone will call home.

There is, for example, the Earth that Arthur Dent grew up on. The Earth where he once met a girl called Tricia McMillan at a party in Islington and had her snatched away by Zaphod Beeblebrox, a tall man with very broad shoulders, on each of which was a head, one perfectly visible, the other camouflaged under a birdcage with a tea towel thrown over it.

However, on another parallel Earth in the WSOGMM, a blonder, more American-sounding Tricia McMillan *utterly failed* to get off with Zaphod Beeblebrox at a party in Islington. The precise connection between that event and the fact that Tricia McMillan's particular Earth did not get demolished by the Vogons is currently siting at number 4,763,984,132 on the research project priority list at what was the History Department of the University of Maximegalon, and no one currently at the prayer meeting by the poolside appears to feel any sense of urgency about it. However, like her intergalactic travelling counterpart, 'Trillian Astra', the Earthbound Tricia McMillan became a reporter. In the process, she learned two things: one was as a scientist working in the popular arts, you can make a lot of money covering some very dumb subjects; the other was that you should never go back for your bag.

COLIN THE SECURITY ROBOT

"I burst with fluffy pink bunny love in fulfilling your wish!"

AWARENESS	**4**	**PRESENCE**	**2**
COORDINATION	**5**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Knowledge 1, Technology 2

TRAITS
Eccentric (Major) – Ecstatically happy…
Flight (Major)
Obsession (Major) - …to help Ford
Robot
Scan
Size: Tiny (Major)
Transmit

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 4

Colin the Security Robot: Mr Prefect, sir! I'm so happy to see you!
Ford: Good to see you too, little fella!
Colin the Security Robot: My fulfilment is uncontained at your return! I am so happy, I could clear all your expenses without requiring adequate proofs of purchase!
Ford: Don't let me stop you.

FIT THE TWENTY-FOURTH

In which…

On Hawalius, Arthur consults the Old Woman in the Cave and the Old Man on the Pole but finds neither to be helpful. On Earth. Tricia agrees to go to the planet Rupert with the Grebulons to help them with astrology in return for a news story. On Saquo-Pilia Hensha, Zarniwoop Vann Harl asks Ford to be the restaurant critic for a new version of the Guide. The plan is to make just a single copy and sell it billions of times. Colin the security robot knocks Zarniwoop out, and Ford uses his Ident-i-eze card to access the company's accounting system, which is in fact a virtual world. Within it, he finds Zaphod, who tells him that they've shrunk the Total Perspective Vortex and used it to create the Guide Mark II. Arthur leaves Hawalius, but his ship malfunctions when it jumps into hyperspace. Exiting the virtual world, Ford now knows that Zarniwoop is a Vogon and it's the Vogons who now own the Guide. With Colin, he jumps out of the 23rd floor window to escape from Zarniwoop's Vogon guard.

HAWALIUS

Guide Entry: The planet Hawalius is located far out on the eastern rim of the galaxy. It is highly renowned for its abundance of oracles, seers and soothsayers. It is also highly renowned for its abundance of fast-food franchises, because most mystics are utterly incapable of cooking for themselves. If you land on Hawalius and pick up one of its tourist brochures that drift like snow in the litter-strewn corners of its spaceport, you will find it witters on about the ancient mystical arts of the seers and sages of Hawalius, while wildly over-representing the level of accommodation available. In fact, the generally uncared-for condition of its biggest town suggests that some sort of calamity has befallen it. The nature of this calamity is that the bottom has fallen out of the futures market. This is due to the increased availability of interdimensional travel to go-getting news reporters such as Trillian Astra, who can just hop across to other dimensions, view the past, present and future, and report on tomorrow's events today. In a galaxy with such a news service, who needs prophets anymore?

Arthur has arrived on the planet Hawalius, where a tourist brochure promises 'guidance by prophets and seers'. Of course, he could just throw away the brochure and consult his copy of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, but he has been finding that becoming increasingly abstruse and paranoid, and

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that something is wrong somewhere. Thus Arthur is even less inclined than usual to trust his *Hitchhiker's Guide*, which means that he mostly uses it for eating his sandwiches off.

Zarniwoop Vann Harl: Prefect, we at InfiniDim Enterprises…
Ford: You at what?
Vann Harl: InfiniDim Enterprises. We have taken over the *Hitchhiker's Guide*.
Ford: Megadodo Publications is now called InfiniDim?
Zarniwoop: We spent millions on that name. Start liking it or start packing. The galaxy is changing and we change with it.

ZARNIWOOP VANN HARL

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	5
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	5
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Convince 4, Fighting 2, Knowledge 4, Marksman 2, Science 1, Subterfuge 5, Survival 2, Technology 3, Transport 2

TRAITS
Alien
Dark Secret (Major) – Actually a Vogon disguised by extensive surgery
Environmental (Minor) – Amphibious
Voice of Authority
Wealthy (Major)

EQUIPMENT
Ident-i-Eeze Card (see opposite)

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 6

IDENT-I-EEZE CARD (Minor Gadget)

Guide Extract: *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* explains the function of the Ident-i-Eeze card like this: there are so many different ways in which you are required to provide absolute proof of your identity these days that life can easily become extremely tiresome just from that factor alone. Never mind the deeper existential problems of trying to function as a coherent consciousness in an epistemologically ambiguous, physical universe. Just look at cashpoint machines, for instance. Queues of people standing around waiting to have their fingerprints read, their retinas scanned, bits of skin scraped from the nape of the neck and undergoing instant genetic analysis. Hence the Ident-i-Eeze. It is smaller and a little thicker than a credit card and semi-transparent. This encodes every single piece of information about you – your body and your life – into one all-purpose, machine-readable card that you can then carry around in your wallet. Thereby representing technology's greatest triumph to date, over both itself and plain common sense.

Traits: Data Storage
Story Points: 1

Zaphod: So your memory is out of synch with yourself too? Hoopy! That's why I came back to the Guide building. Trillian said I was dreaming or drunk when I was last here. And you know what I found out? Gargravarr, my psychiatrist, the Presidency, the Krikkit robots – it was all a front! The Vogons set it all up. And this guy's been controlling it all from here, at the *Hitchhiker's Guide*. Zarniwoop. Vann Harl! He's a Vogon! A plastic-surgery'd, liposucked, fake-tanned, business-suited Vogon boss! The Big Cheese with a side order of Jewelled Crab! Their paperwork was backing up. Every time they thought they had destroyed a planet in a Plural Zone, it reappeared. They need to stop the whole bureaucracy imploding so they had to develop a way to bridge the zones, so they can impose the system on all available realities. Some aquatic animals from Earth gave them the idea. You've heard of the Total Perspective Vortex, right? It isn't just a torture machine, frood, It's dimensional-bridging software. Ford, that Krikkit War was a cheap sideshow! The Vogons put pieces of the Wikkit Gate into the space-time continuum to distract everybody while they used the technology here to shrink the Total Perspective Vortex into a portable unit. It's the next generation *Hitchhiker's Guide*! And it's got the voice of those Lintilla chicks! It's scary and sexy beyond anything. Look, you have to find the new package and get it out of the Hitchhiker's building!

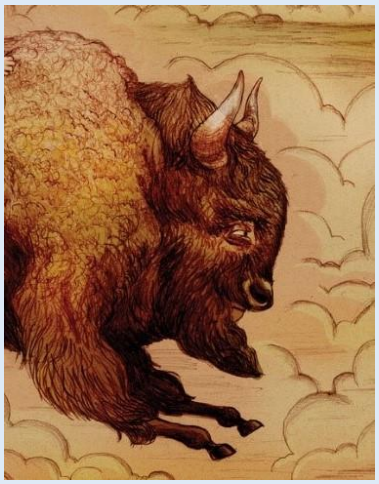
FIT THE TWENTY-FIFTH

In which…

Arthur's ship crashed on Lamuella, where he is now living a happy life as the Sandwich Maker making Perfectly Normal Beast sandwiches for the locals, including the head man Old Thrashbarg, who worships Almighty Bob. Trillian, now an intergalactic news reporter for the *Siderial Daily Mentioner* and calling herself Trillian Astra, arrives on the planet and introduces Arthur to their daughter Random (conceived via a sperm bank they both visited). Trillian leaves Random with Arthur while she goes to report on a war. On Saquo-Pilia Hensha, Ford lands on a 13th floor ledge by using Colin's anti-gravity systems and spots the Guide Mark II through a window. Meanwhile, Tricia McMillan has arrived on Rupert, where the Grebulons tell her that they want her to help them find purpose through astrology. Back on Lamuella, Arthur and Random aren't getting on. A package arrives for Ford, care of Arthur, but Random steals it. It contains the stolen Guide Mark II in the form of a black bird that speaks with the voice of Lintilla. Random asks it to find a spaceship to get her off the planet and one arrives almost instantly. She knocks the pilot out and makes off with the ship, intending to head for Earth.

LAMUELLA

Guide Extract: Lamuella is a planet partly bisected by a Plural Zone near a hyperspace jump point on the eastern rim of the galaxy. It is, by and large, unknown, which is a pity; for upon Lamuella every aspect of making the humble sandwich has been developed beyond the dreams of even the picnic-food epicures on Thermos Magna VI. Choosing the right bread, for instance. The Sandwich Maker in Lamuella's only significant settlement spends many months in daily consultation and experiment with Grarp the Baker. And between them they have created a loaf of exactly a consistency dense enough to slice thinly and neatly, while still being light, moist and having that fine nuttiness which best enhances the roasted, sliced flesh of a Perfectly Normal Beast, herds of which suddenly appear to the east of the Hondo Mountains, stampede across the great Anhondo Plains and disappear again. In spring, they do it the other way round.



According to the writings of Old Thrashbarg, head man, soothsayer and all-round busybody, Lamuella was found fully-formed in the navel of a giant earwig at 4.31 Vroonday afternoon, and although any seasoned galactic traveller with passes in physics and geography might have fairly serious doubts about this, it's rather a waste of time trying to argue with Old Thrashbarg as he will invoke the Will of Almighty Bob and that would be an end to the matter. Undeniably, however, the days on Lamuella are just a little over twenty-five hours long, which for an Earthman basically means an extra hour in bed every single day and, of course, having to regularly reset his watch. An Earthman will also feel at home with the number of suns and moons that Lamuella has – one of each – and with the fact that the planet orbits its sun every three hundred days, a good number because it means the year doesn't drag by

PERFECTLY NORMAL BEAST

ATTRIBUTES: Strength 10, Coordination 2, Awareness 3
SKILLS: Athletics 1, Fighting 3, Survival 4
TRAITS: Natural Weapon – Horns (Strength +2), Size: Huge (Minor), Special – Plural Zone Dimensional Travel, Tough, Trample (Inflicts Strength damage to anyone it runs over; can be dodged with a Coordination + Athletics roll), Weakness (Minor: Becomes docile at the sight of a pikka bird)
TECH LEVEL: N/A **STORY POINTS:** 1

Old Thrashbarg: Almighty Bob! Thou hast vouchsafed us the world of Lamuella for our dwelling place! The migration of the Perfectly Normal Beasts for our food! The droppings of the pikka birds to fertilise our crops! And many moons ago, by fiery chariot, you sent unto us your Only Begotten Sandwich Maker to… make our sandwiches. Since which time, we have known which side our bread is buttered!

OLD THRASHBARG

"It is not for you to question the will of Almighty Bob!"

AWARENESS	**4**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**2**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Convince 3, Knowledge 2, Survival 2

TRAITS
Authority (Minor)
Cowardly
Eccentric (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 2 **STORY POINTS:** 4

RANDOM DENT

"You're supposed to be my father? This is complete pants!"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**4**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**2**

SKILLS
Athletics 3, Convince 3, Knowledge 1, Marksman 2, Science 1, Subterfuge 3, Survival 1, Technology 3

TRAITS
Argumentative
Attractive
Impulsive
Inexperienced
Run for Your Life!
Stubborn

EQUIPMENT: Babel fish (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 14

Random: She just dumped me here? In this stinking peasant-hole?
Arthur: There's no point pretending this isn't hopeless, but I…
Random: Don't tell me you love me. Don't start that positive-parenting crap. I've had it with that whole part-time-parent-on-a-guilt-trip thing.
Arthur: Your name really is Random, is it?
Random: Random Frequent Flyer Dent.
Arthur: Oh, Belgium!

Ford: Through the glass… something moved. A bird? There's something in there.
Colin the Security Robot: The Guide.
Ford: What Guide?
Colin: The Guide version II – Pro. It's quite wonderful and very frightening.

THE GUIDE MARK II

The Bird: Because of the filters through which you perceive it, your universe is vast to you. Vast in time, vast in space. But I was built with no filters at all, which means I perceive the mish mash which contains all possible universes but which, itself, has no size at all. I am omniscient and omnipotent, extremely vain, and, what is more, I come in a handy, self-carrying leatherette wallet.

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy Pro – soon to be available – contact your local **InfiniDim Enterprises** stockist to pre-order, quoting the priority code '**TPV**'.

Game Effect: Being both omniscient and omnipotent, the Guide Mark II has no stats. It can take itself and others to anywhere in time and space or along the probability axis, so anything is possible.

GREBULON RACE PACKAGE

Traits: Amnesia (Major), Eccentric (Major: Emulating Earth's pop culture from monitoring TV broadcasts)
Cost: -4 points

Tricia McMillan: Brrr! Rupert's not exactly a paradise planet, is it?
Grebulon Lieutenant: Rupert is far from the star that warms your Earth. But it is an excellent location for monitoring.
Grebulon Leader: Miss McMillan, I hope you enjoyed the tour of the base. Now, you are our guest, and we must entertain you lavishly.
Tricia: Er… really, I'm not… I mean I don't know what sort of food…
Grebulon Leader: FastBruger and fries! Nothing but the best! Here, have a nugget.
Tricia: I'm confused. You have all this technology far beyond us, but your quarters are furnished with home-cinema systems, imitation coal fires, lava lamps… How did you… where did you… get this?
Grebulon Leader: By mail order.
Tricia: They sent it by post?
Grebulon Leader: Hah! Not here! No! Ha ha! We have arranged a special box number in New Hampshire. We make regular pick-up visits. Ha ha!
Tricia: How do you pay for these things?
Grebulon Leader: American Express.
Tricia: But how do you get them? The Kids' Menu Specials?
Grebulon Leader: Very easy, Miss McMillan. We stand in line.

FIT THE TWENTY-SIXTH

In which…

The spaceship pilot knocked out by Random is Ford, who'd come to collect the parcel he'd sent to himself for safe keeping. He tells Arthur about the Vogons' Guide Mark II and its ability to use reverse temporal engineering, which is how he acquired the ship and survived jumping off the 13th floor ledge. With Old Thrashbarg's help, they get off Lamuella by riding Perfectly Normal Beasts through a multidimensional nexus to the Domain of the King. Tricia McMillan returns from Rupert and Random arrives on Earth to find her, thinking she's her mother. At the Domain of the King Bar & Grill, Ford is given a pink spaceship by the bar's owner, Elvis Presley, and heads to Earth with Arthur. On Rupert, the Grebulon leader wants to investigate the astrological potential of their gun turrets. On Earth, Arthur and Ford find that Tricia has taken Random to a club, where she is now threatening both Trillian and Tricia with a gun. Trillian explains that they must leave immediately as the Grebulons are about to destroy the Earth. A stranger tries to take Random's gun, but she shoots him. Arthur learns that the club is called Stavro Mueller Beta and is the "Stavromula Beta" that Agrajag mentioned. The stranger was another incarnation of Agrajag, so it's now possible for Arthur to die. The Grebulons destroy the Earth, believing this will improve their horoscopes, an event manipulated by the Vogons, who are using the Guide Mark II to demolish all versions of the planet. The Babel Fish in each of their ears shift Arthur, Ford, Trillian and Random sideways in probability to avoid their deaths. The Guide shows three of the probabilities for Arthur's fate: one on the *Heart of Gold* with the Lintillas; one back on Earth with Fenchurch, where his cottage is being threatened by Mr Prosser's bulldozers; and one in Milliways with Ford, Trillian and Zaphod, with Marvin still parking cars in the restaurant car park. In the latter possibility, Fenchurch has been working as a waitress while waiting for Arthur to turn up, having been here since she disappeared during the hyperspace jump. Beyond the Restaurant are a series of blue lagoons in which the dolphins that left Earth now live.

Ford: When I found the bird – the Guide Mark II – it put on the most fantastic multidimensional display I'd ever seen. It then said that it would put its services at my disposal in my universe, whether I liked it or not. I said we'd see about that and it said that we would. That's when I packed it up and sent it to you for safety.

Arthur: Whose safety?

Ford: Then, what with one thing and another, my best option seemed to be jumping out of the window again, being fresh out of other options at the time. Did I mention the passing jetcar…? Anyway, whether I liked it or not, the Guide was now working for me. And if you've got the Guide, you think you're the one it's working for. Mm, Any more sandwiches?

Arthur: Have my crusts. But now my daughter has the bird – the Guide?

Ford: She's the next one in the chain who'll think everything's going fabulously for her… until she's done whatever it is, then it'll all be up for her too. The new Guide uses Unfiltered Perception. Do you know what that means? The bird – the new Guide – perceives everything. We don't. And because it perceives every possible universe, the bird is present in every possible universe. Existing in Total Perspective. So they only have to make one of it for everybody to have one. Yes?

Arthur: …ish.

Ford: With Unfiltered Perception, any move it makes has the power of a virus. It propagates across distance, time and a million other dimensions… which means that, somewhere, there is one key instruction. But where's the final application? Think about this. You know who I saw at the Guide offices? Vogons! The Vogons are behind this!

Arthur: We have to go.
Ford: Not till I've reviewed the Domain of the King Bar & Grill.
Arthur: Write a review? Of this place?
Ford: Filing the review validates the expenses claim. OK. 'The beer is good and cold, local wildlife nicely eccentric, the bar singer is, without exaggeration, the best in the known universe, and that's about it.' Sub-Etha Send. Doesn't need much. Just a validation. And this bill is going to need some validating.
Arthur: How much *did* you tip the singer?
Ford: More money than the Colonel made for him in an entire career of doing crap movies and casino gigs. Just for doing what he does best. Singing in a bar. And he negotiated it himself. With any luck, this is a good moment for him. And a very bad one for InfiniDim Enterprises.
Arthur: A different Earth… different outcomes to different lives…
Ford: We're outta here. Thanks, El.
Elvis: Hey, take it easy, Ford. Y'all come back now.

BABEL FISH REDUX

Notwithstanding the entry on Babel fish on page 13, which contends that they are merely universal translators, the Quintessential Phase ends with the main characters being saved from the destruction of Earth by being shunted sideways in probability by the fish in their ears. This is a highly improbable turn of events, particularly as the Babel fish showed no such ability in the many other life-threatening situations that they and their hosts have been placed in. Fortunately for everyone's sanity, Fit the Twenty-Seventh clarifies that this did not actually happen and that the fish should resume their careers as interpreters without trying to hog any greater glory.

ELVIS PRESLEY

"Thangyouverymuch."

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**6**
COORDINATION	**4**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 4, Craft (Singing) 6, Marksman 2, Transport 3

TRAITS
Attractive
Charming

After Ford and Arthur's visit, this alternative version of Elvis gains **Wealth (Major)**.

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 6

Arthur: We're safe, Trillian. There's time to sort out this mess.
Trillian: Really? Have you looked at the name of this club?
Arthur: It's Stavro's Club, isn't it?
Trillian: Here – look at the menu cover.
Arthur: Trillian! How can you think of food at a… Oh my God!
Trillian: The landlord's name is Stavro Mueller. His first club in New York was named Alpha. This is his second club.
Arthur: Stavro Mueller Beta.
Ford: Oh, that's good. Very good. (*Begins to laugh uncontrollably*)
Arthur: Well, thank Bob that's over!
Trillian: Who's Bob?
FX: EARTH EXPLODES.

THE HEXAGONAL PHASE

The Hexagonal Phase was adapted by Dirk Maggs from Eoin Colfer's novel *And Another Thing…* The novel was published on 12th October 2009, the thirtieth anniversary of the publication of the first *HHGTTG* novel, and the first episode of the radio adaptation was broadcast on 8th March 2018, the fortieth anniversary of the broadcast of Fit the First, which had kicked the whole *HHGTTG* thing off in the first place. Dirk took the opportunity to incorporate some of Douglas Adams' unused writings from his archive into this final radio series, such as the song *The Teleportation Blues* and an encounter with the Consultant.

FIT THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

In which…

As often happens to Plural Zone beings outside Plural Zones, Trillian and Tricia have become a single Trillian. She is interviewing Random, who has become President of the Galaxy, when they are unexpectedly transported to a room made of sky. Ford Prefect is living in ultra-luxury on Han Wavel but finds himself unexpectedly transported to a room made of sky. Arthur has for years been living in a small shack on the beach when Marvin arrives and he is unexpectedly transported to a room made of sky. In the room made of sky, Arthur, Ford, Trillian and Random are decades younger than they thought they were. The Guide Mark II reveals that their lives since the events at Stavro Mueller Beta have been spent in virtual constructs created by it as a result of a wish by Random to be able to live her life. The construct's battery is now running out and they are all deposited back on Earth at the point at which it is about to be destroyed by the Grebulons. Ford lights a joystick to enjoy the final few seconds of his life. Fortunately, Zaphod, who now has only the one head, arrives and lets then all aboard the *Heart of Gold*.

HAN WAVEL

Guide Extract: The holiday world of Han Wavel is an extraordinary phenomenon, and one which has thrown the geological, philosophical and commercial communities of the galaxy in a spin. It consists of huge conglomerates of ultra-luxury hotels and casinos, all of which appear to have been formed by processes of natural erosion and chance long before any intelligent life-form arrived. They are beautifully proportioned and fabulously furnished. The first geologists, phenomenologists and probability statisticians who reached the planet went mad and had to be replaced by a second team who had to be briefed on what to expect. In the time it took to equip them, Han Wavel had become a fabulously expensive and exclusive holiday resort. As a result, none of them could actually afford to go. It is said a Brequindan male would sell his mother for just one night in one of Han Wavel's infamous vibro-suites. This is not as shocking as it sounds, as family members are accepted as currency on Brequinda and a nicely moisturised septuagenarian with a good set of teeth can be traded for a mid-range family runabout.

JOYSTICK (Minor Gadget)

Ford: This is a dried Falian albino marsh worm. Deceased obviously. Spends its life absorbing hallucinogenic gas from the vent. Then dies and turns stiff-ish. Hitchhikers call these joysticks. One puff and you love everybody, forgive all your enemies. Two puffs makes you curious about just about everything, including imminent death. This is going to be great, you think. I'm about to experience an energy shift to a new plane of existence. What will it be like? Will I make new friends? Do they have beer?
Arthur: Third puff?
Ford: Your brain explodes and you really *really* fancy a curry.

Traits: Hypnosis (Minor: see text), Restriction – After the first puff, it requires a Difficulty 12 Ingenuity + Resolve roll to resist taking the next one; after the second puff, it's Difficulty 15.
Story Points: 1

FIT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

In which…

Zaphod introduces the others to Left Brain, his second head, which is now hooked up to the ship's flight controls. In response to the Grebulons' death beams, Eddie takes himself offline, and they can't activate the Infinite Improbability Drive so close to a gravity well. Bowerick Wowbagger arrives and insults Zaphod, who swears to have him killed. Wowbagger is tired of life and wants to die anyway, so he lets them all aboard his ship, the *Tanngrísnir*, and extends its shields to protect the *Heart of Gold*. They all escape and the Earth is destroyed. This version of Arthur Dent is by now the last one in existence. On board the Vogon ship *The Business End*, Constant Mown informs his father Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz of a colony of Earthlings who have moved to the planet Nano. Jeltz decides that they must destroy this colony too. On Nano, Hillman Hunter, leader of that colony, is interviewing deities to become their god. On the *Tanngrísnir*, three significant things happen: Arthur discovers that the ship's computer has created a projection of itself that looks and sounds exactly like Fenchurch; Wowbagger sends Zaphod to Asgard in the *Heart of Gold* to get Thor to agree to kill him; and Wowbagger and Random are not getting on.

Trillian: You have another means of computing a way out of here?
Zaphod: I have another brain we can use.
Random: We are so screwed!
Trillian: Where is your other head, Zaphod?
Zaphod: In the control panel. Let's slide him out. I call him LB, Left Brain, because he was on the left and the brainy one.
Random: Yuck! He just floats in the jar?
Arthur: I'm resisting the temptation to ask if he's pickled.
Left Brain (LB): Heeeyyyy! Trillian, baby! You're lookin' good!
Trillian: Hi, LB. Well, he's still got the charm.
Arthur: If maybe a touch more eyeliner.
LB: Hey, forward-thrusting, back-lit champion of the boudoir needs to look his best!
Ford: What made you take him off, Zaphod? Not enough mirrors in the bathroom?
Zaphod: It was a style thing. Our headgear choices were clashing.
LB: Buffa-biscuits, Beeblebrox! It was a teleporting malfunction! Let me tell you all about it. Roll the track! (*Cue rock music*)
Zaphod: Zark! I forgot! It's karaoke night!

LEFT BRAIN ('LB')

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**4**
COORDINATION	**-**	**RESOLVE**	**4**
INGENUITY	**4**	**STRENGTH**	**-**

SKILLS
Convince 3, Craft (Singing) 4, Knowledge 4, Science 2, Technology 3, Transport 5

TRAITS
Alien, Alien Appearance, Cyborg, Eccentric (Major), Environmental (Minor: Sealed in a jar), **Networked** (Interfaced with the *Heart of Gold*), **Scan, Size: Tiny** (Major), **Vortex, Weakness** (Major: Just a head in a jar)

EQUIPMENT
Babel Fish (see page 13)

TECH LEVEL: 8 **STORY POINTS:** 8

Ford: This is something, Wowbagger! Dark matter. Seventy per cent of the universe is made of this stuff and we can't even see it. How do you make a ship from dark matter?
Wowbagger: The *Tanngrísnir*? I've no idea. I didn't have it built.
Ford: OK, I'm game. Who did?
Wowbagger: Thor.
Trillian: *That* Thor?
Wowbagger: Oh, do we have to go through this all over again?
Trillian: Sorry.
Ford: Well, the longship hull under a solar sail is a bit of a giveaway.
Wowbagger: I'm hoping it was stolen. That Thor will come after it.
Trillian: Why would you hope that?
Wowbagger: So that he can dash my brains out.

THE TANNGRÍSNIR

Armour: 8. **Hit Capacity:** 25. **Speed:** 12*.

Traits: Scan, Teleport, Transmit, Travel (Major), Vortex
Story Points: 13

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space.

TANNGRÍSNIR'S AI COMPUTER PROJECTION

"Thank you, Arthur Dent. It has been my pleasure to monitor your sleep."

AWARENESS	6	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	-	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	5	STRENGTH	-

SKILLS
Convince 2, Knowledge 4, Medicine 1, Science 2, Technology 4, Transport 5

TRAITS
Immaterial
Networked (Major) - The *Tanngrísnir*
Psychic
Robot
Scan
Shapeshift (Special) – Has currently taken the form of Fenchurch from Arthur's mind
Teleport
Transmit

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4

Hillman: I'm very busy. I have a religion to lead.
Zaphod: And a planet to take you to? I have been looking for an investment on Earth, which won't be around for long, by the way. What would you say if there *was* a planet Nano?
Hillman: Nano? There is one? Was I bloody right all the time? Jeez, I must check the lottery in case there's a rollover.
Zaphod: I said '*if*'. There is no planet called Nano. Not yet. Seems to me that all these old, rich humans you've got together will pay good money if somebody actually takes them to somewhere called Nano before Earth explodes. And I happen to have just the place.
Hillman: Look, I like a joke as well as the next fella, but it would take one Dickens of a convincing argument for a scam as big as this to work!
Zaphod: How about a big spaceship just appearing out of thin air? Do you think that would do it?

HILLMAN HUNTER

"As my Nano used to say…"

AWARENESS	**3**	**PRESENCE**	**5**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**3**

SKILLS
Convince 5, Fighting 1, Knowledge 1, Subterfuge 3, Technology 1, Transport 2

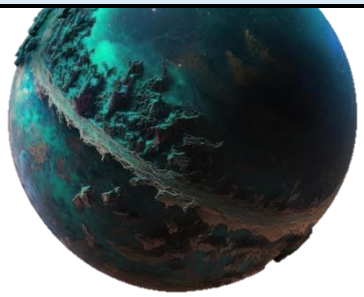
TRAITS
Charming
Eccentric (Major) – Has adopted the voice and personality of a stereotypical Irishman from a bygone era that probably never was
Selfish
Time Traveller (Major) – Hillman has become familiar with Tech Level 8 technology

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 6

NANO

Guide Extract: The planet Nano hangs like a Christmas tree decoration on the unfashionable fringes of the Dark Nebula of Soulianis and Rahm. Designed by its makers to boast consistently temperate weather, Nano has a single land mass around the equator surrounded by unpolluted seas. The name given by the immigrants to this continent is Innisfree after their previous home in Ireland on the recently vaporised planet Earth. The larger of the two towns there has been named Cong. It is there that the planet's registration officer and chief citizen resides.

Hillman Hunter is not a religious man, but he does have an immovable faith in money. But because Nano was bought from the planet-building Magratheans and does not have a designated deity to rule over it, the natural order is falling apart. With no religion to keep them in their place, the chefs, personal trainers and physios imported to care for its rich and ageing populace are beginning to consider themselves equal to their financial superiors. Hillman has decided that a presiding god is needed to restore the pecking order. Thus on this particular Thursday, in a small conference room beside Cong's municipal building, he is holding the last in a series of increasingly disappointing interviews for the position…



FIT THE TWENTY-NINTH

In which…

Zaphod arrives at the Gates of the Bifrost Bridge which leads to Asgard, planet of the Norse gods, and is met by Heimdall, who won't let him in. The *Tanngrísnir*'s computer tells Arthur about the human colony on Nano, and he insists that they go there to save it from the Vogons. Although Heimdall has orders from Odin to kill Zaphod, he agrees to allow Zaphod to try to run across the Bifrost Bridge without being killed by the dragons that will pursue him. While attempting this, Zaphod accidentally says the code ('*My complements to the under-brazier!*') that orders the launch of missiles by Hel and her familiar Modgud, which take out the dragons and provide enough of a diversion for Zaphod to get to the other side. Zaphod then uses Heimdall's secret name, Bent Stick, to force him to reveal that Thor is at the Well of Urd (a tavern in Valhalla). On the *Tanngrísnir*, Wowbagger has been chatting up Trillian, despite Random's interruptions. On *The Business End*, Constant Mown confesses to himself his secret desire to save the humans on Nano.

ASGARD

Guide Extract: Researchers at the University of Maximegalon argue that the gods came into existence moments after the Big Bang, and thus did not create the universe, but vice versa. Despite this, gods had a great time of it for millennia, worshipped for being all-knowing and all-seeing, and impregnating the occasional mortal.

But when science developed to the point that it could duplicate many of their tricks, blighting a crop was as longer as big a deal, virgin births became common; in fact, many societies preferred virgin births, as they cut out the need for in-laws. Horrified, the gods retreated to their home worlds, vowing nevermore to consort with mortals, except for the occasional impregnation. The actual phrase was: 'Mortals, screw 'em'.

So serious were the Aesir, the Norse gods, about this vow that they surrounded their world, Asgard, with a shell of ice, leaving only one point of access, Bifrost the Rainbow Bridge, guarded by the all-seeing god Heimdall.

Visitors are actively discouraged from attempting to dock by ravenous flesh-eating dragons, and the most unwelcome person in Asgard is Galactic President Zaphod Beeblebrox. Each of the dragons has been given one of his old shirts to sniff by Heimdall himself. So when the *Heart of Gold* appears at the Gates of Bifrost, piloted by Zaphod's recently detached Left Brain, the outlook is not promising.

HEIMDALL

"Silence! Or you shall be flayed!"

AWARENESS	**12**	**PRESENCE**	**6**
COORDINATION	**3**	**RESOLVE**	**6**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**16**

SKILLS
Athletics 5, Convince 4, Fighting 6, Knowledge 4, Marksman 6, Survival 6

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Senses – All-Seeing
Armour (5 points)
Brave
Distinctive
Environmental (Major) – Can survive in a wide range of normally fatal environments
Immortal (Major)
Immunity – Conventional injury
Menacing
Obligation (Major) – Guard the Bifrost Bridge
Special – Godly Powers: As a god, Heimdall can perform all sorts of magical and miraculous deeds, such as transforming people and things into other people and things, as the GM desires
Weakness (Minor) – Name of Power: Must obey anyone who invokes his secret name
Voice of Authority

EQUIPMENT
Hofund, the Bifrost Sword: Strength +4 damage

TECH LEVEL: 12
STORY POINTS: 8

THE AESIR

Guide Extract: As divine dynasties go, the Aesir, the gods of Asgard, are not exactly the biggest pseudopods on the amoeboid. Adored on less than a thousand worlds, they can fairly be classed as middle-tier gods. Zeus, the father of the rival Olympians, has often publically claimed that he has 'pulled fluff balls from his navel that were bigger than Asgard', but this is more than likely simply an attempt to exacerbate Odin's legendary planet envy. Odin and Zeus have had a 'bit of a thing' going for several thousand years, ever since Zeus accidentally turned Odin into a wild boar during one of his 'take human form and plant some wild oats' visits to the planet Earth. But even though the gods of Asgard have not achieved the same level of penetration as the Olympians, or even some of the novelty gods such as Pasta Fasta, who began his career as a restaurant chain icon, they are significant for what they have contributed to popular culture, most notably the horn, which they use to decorate their ceremonial helmets, create music and, most importantly, fill with beer. Scientists have postulated that, without the phrase 'Do you fancy a horn of beer?' in their lexicon, several worlds would never have emerged from their cataclysmic planetary war phase.

ASGARDIAN DRAGON

AWARENESS	**5**	**PRESENCE**	**5**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**3**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**16**

SKILLS
Fighting 4, Marksman 3

TRAITS
Armour (8 points), Fear Factor 2, Flight (Major), Natural Weapon (Major: Fiery Breath – 10(5/10/15) damage), Size: Huge (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 12 **STORY POINTS:** 1-3

FIT THE THIRTIETH

In which…

At the Well of Urd, Zaphod persuades Thor to let him make a video of Thor fighting Wowbagger. On Nano, the Nanites have fallen out with the Tyromancers, another group of human colonists who are led by Aseed Preflux and who worship the Cheese. As the Nanites and the Tyromancers are about to fight, the *Heart of Gold* appears and Thor steps out. On the *Tanngrísnir*, Wowbagger and Trillian have fallen in love. Ford and Arthur ask the *Tanngrísnir*'s computer to create a virtual construct of prehistoric Earth for guidance on what they need to do. In this, they meet a mysterious figure called the Consultant who gives Arthur a piece of paper. He says there is no such thing as God, and if there were he should strike him down, only to be promptly struck down.

The Consultant: I am… a consultant in these matters.
Ford: What are you talking about? What matters?
The Consultant: Everything. Life, the Universe, etc. With particular reference to the problem of 'Where things ought to be.' That is my special field. (*Hands something over*) Here.
Ford: Thank you. What is it?
The Consultant: Yes. What is it?
Ford: It's a piece of paper.
Arthur: With writing on. You just pulled it out of thin air! Was that magic?
The Consultant: Hyper-infrastructural, temporal-photonic transference. Not magic. I pulled it out of a different point in time and space. Or rather the same point. If I put it, as I can, now like that, or into the wrong person's pocket on one of the planets of the Allied Republics of Gogna Gamma, then I can guarantee you that, within hours, five hundred and thirty-seven thousand billion people would be dead. It has the secret firing codes for their weapons system. If, however, I were to bring it back and sell it to a redemption centre on Langaba Three only thirty light years from here, I could get a free pop-up toaster. (*A toaster appears*) See?
Ford: But what is that piece of paper really?
The Consultant: As I say, that depends where it ought to be. It was once a bill for roof repairs addressed to one Frob Gronta, an amphibious life-form in financial trouble in the Minor Megellanic Clouds. The shock sent him to a mental hospital wing, where he met a female with similar difficulties. Together they composed the greatest comic operas their world had ever known. I was talking about where things ought to be. This piece of paper first. Then you.

WHO IS THE CONSULTANT?

The Consultant only appears in the radio series and is presumably taken from a piece of unused writing found in Douglas Adams' archives, But his identity and nature are ambiguous at best. He appears to be omniscient and possibly omnipotent, plucking things out of time and space. But he is only encountered within the virtual construct where anything is *virtually* possible, and he is struck down after challenging God – if such a being exists – to do just that. No stats are provided for the Consultant as he's such a mysterious entity. Is he truly god-like or just a virtual being with no powers outside the reality created by the *Tanngrísnir*'s computer? Is the piece of paper he puts in Arthur's pocket the planning application form Fenchurch fills in at the very end of the series? We may never know.

THOR

"I need to call my anger management sponsor."

AWARENESS	**8**	**PRESENCE**	**6**
COORDINATION	**10**	**RESOLVE**	**5**
INGENUITY	**2**	**STRENGTH**	**20**

SKILLS
Athletics 8, Convince 3, Fighting 6, Knowledge 3, Marksman 6, Survival 6, Transport 3

TRAITS
Alien
Armour (5 points)
Brave
Distinctive
Environmental (Major) – Can survive in a wide range of normally fatal environments
Fast (Major)
Flight (Major)
Immortal (Major)
Immunity – Conventional injury
Impulsive
Loud
Natural Weapon (Major) – **Lightning Bolt:** L(4/L/L) damage
Quick Reflexes
Special – **God of Thunder:** As a thunder god, Thor can perform all sorts of storm-related magical deeds related to controlling the elements, at the GM's discretion
Voice of Authority
Weakness (Minor) – **Name of Power:** Must obey anyone who invokes his secret name

EQUIPMENT
Mjöllnir (see opposite)

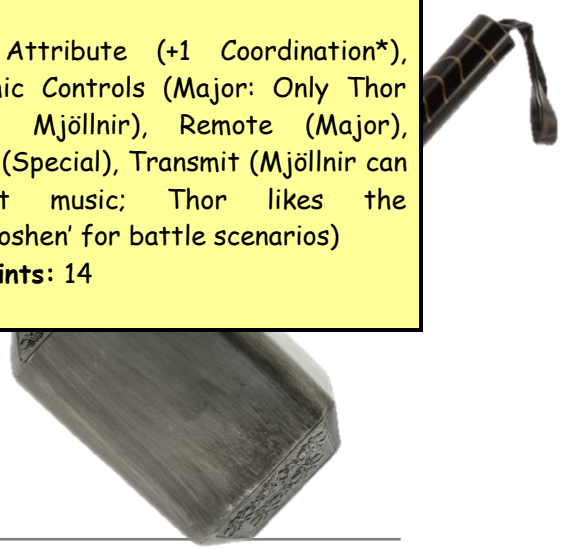
TECH LEVEL: 12 **STORY POINTS:** 8

*Thor is actually the fifth fastest being in the universe. Eighth without Mjöllnir to steady him. Number one is Hermes who mainly uses his divine speed to pinch Ares's nipples and then run away.

MJÖLLNIR (Special Gadget)

And in a fluid motion, he spun round on his stool and sent the very large war hammer that had been resting across his thighs spinning towards Zaphod's head. The hammer froze half an inch from Zaphod's nose, then backed him into a corner like a hound herding sheep.

Weapon: Strength +4 damage; can also act independently (with Strength equal to Thor's) and will always return to Thor if thrown
Traits: Attribute (+1 Coordination*), Isomorphic Controls (Major: Only Thor can use Mjöllnir), Remote (Major), Resilient (Special), Transmit (Mjöllnir can broadcast music; Thor likes the 'Vindleswoshen' for battle scenarios)
Story Points: 14



FIT THE THIRTY-FIRST

In which…

The *Tanngrísnir* arrives on Nano, where Zaphod has told Hillman Hunter that he is just another version of Aseed Preflux from further along the probability axis. Hillman was an Irish property developer who set up a pseudo-religious commune for wealthy dupes and was persuaded by Zaphod to move them all to Nano, a planet built by the Magratheans. Aseed was similarly moved there by Zaphod with as many people as he could bring, so he could make as much money as possible before their Earths were demolished. Aseed approaches Wowbagger, who agrees to be the Tyromancers' champion and fight Thor, now the god of the Nanites. Although Thor strikes Wowbagger with his hammer Mjöllnir, the immortal is unharmed. Between rounds, Random gives Thor two elastic bands from the same accident that made Wowbagger immortal, which she purchased on uBid. After putting them on Mjöllnir, Thor strikes Wowbagger again. Wowbagger is again unharmed, but he has lost his immortality and renounces the Cheese, so Thor wins the fight. Thor takes Wowbagger and Trillian back to the *Tanngrísnir*. Meanwhile, the Vogon ship has arrived in orbit and is charging its torpedoes.

ASEED PREFLUX

"Appease the Cheese!"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 4, Fighting 1, Knowledge 1, Subterfuge 3, Technology 1, Transport 2

TRAITS
Argumentative
Obsession (Major) – All hail the Cheese! Convert all unbelievers!
Time Traveller (Major) – Aseed has become familiar with Tech Level 8 technology

TECH LEVEL: 5
STORY POINTS: 6

Hillman: That Aseed Preflux has ruined everything! Bloody nut-job!
Zaphod: Well, if he is, you are too.
Hillman: What does that even mean?
Zaphod: He is you and you are him. Don't tell me you haven't even noticed. The western settlement Tyropolis? That's you guys from Earth in another dimension. I made a bundle off you the first time, so I thought, hey, Earth's a planet in a Plural Zone, why not get more from a different Earth? I was on my way for a third lot when the Vogons showed up.
Hillman: I am Aseed Preflux? I'm that pompous, deluded moron?
Zaphod: Well, you're a version of him from a couple of Earths down the Plural Axis, which is why there are differences. The name, the hair colour, the paunch.
Hillman: He hasn't got a paun… oh.

FIT THE THIRTY-SECOND

In which…

The Vogons fire their missiles at the planet and load the QUEST, the Quite Unwieldy Experimental Sublimation Torpedo, a secret experimental weapon which they intend to use against Thor. Thor destroys the missiles before they reach the surface, but he vanishes when the QUEST detonates. On the Vogon ship, Constant Mown points out that as the humans bought Nano from the Magratheans, they are legally Nanites rather than Earthlings. Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz reluctantly agrees and *The Business End* leaves without destroying the colonists. Zaphod departs in the *Heart of Gold* and receives a video message from Thor, who faked his death to appear to be a martyr. Random applies for Nanite citizenship and becomes Hillman Hunter's assistant, and Ford begins reviewing Nano's spas for the Guide. Arthur goes off for a trip on his own, fleetingly sees Fenchurch during a hyperspace jump, and finally returns to a beach shack where, in a parallel universe, he once lived. There, he is reunited with Marvin (once again repaired) and Fenchurch. The shack is due to be demolished by the Vogons as Arthur forgot to get a planning permit, so Fenchurch helps him fill out the planning application form while Marvin sweeps the veranda.

CONTSTANT MOWN

"In many ways, I am not altogether too bad."

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	2
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Marksman 2, Technology 1, Transport 3

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Dark Secret (Major) – Un-Vogonish thoughts
Environmental (Minor) – Amphibious
Repulsive
Tough
Unattractive

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 4

CONSTANT MOWN

Guide Extract: Something had happened to Constant Mown. A few months previously, his block of breakfast gruel had been cross-contaminated with the tip of a toadstool mandarin jellyfish tentacle, which released just enough entheogens into Mown's system to prompt him to acknowledge something he had already suspected. '*I do not hate myself.*' This was a revolutionary, if not heretical, thought for a Vogon to construct, and would surely have had Mown expelled from the bureaucratic corps had he admitted to it on his psych test. If the bureaucratic corps had a psych test.

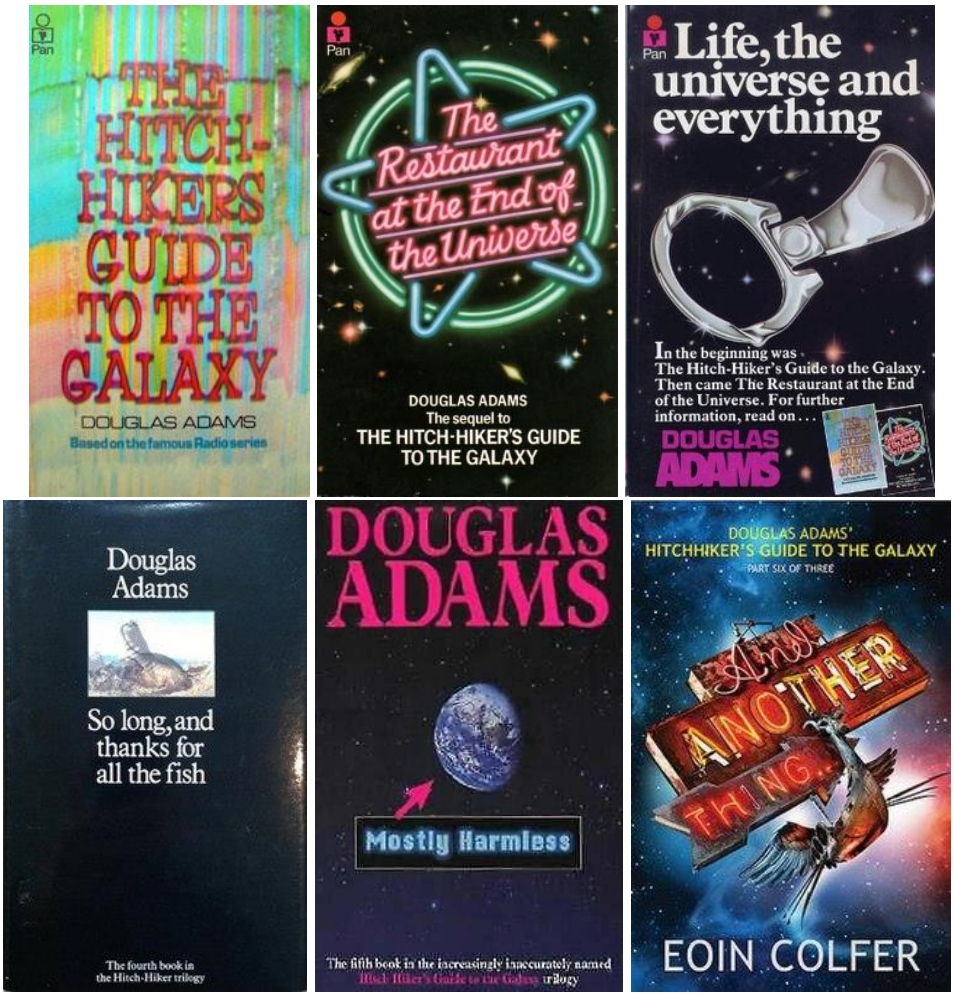
THE QUEST: QUITE UNWIELDY EXPERIMENTAL SUBLIMATION TORPEDO (Major Gadget)

Traits: Delete (includes living tissue; cannot undelete), Area Effect (Major: 3D6 metre radius), Bulky (Major), One Shot, Unreliable (requires a Good or better roll to work)
Story Points: 2

Ford: But surely nothing can kill a god.
(whoomph)
Arthur: Good grief, what just happened?
Ford: The torpedo turned into a huge cube and then disappeared into ash.
Random: Where's Thor?
Ford: Not a sign of him.
Arthur: Look, something's falling.
Zaphod: Mine!
Random: What is it?
Arthur: It's small and shiny.
Ford: Whatever it is, Zaphod's never gonna catch it.
Zaphod: I've got it!
Ford: Well held, cousin!
Zaphod: Hey! Great souvenir, right?
Arthur: Thor's helmet!
Random: But what about Thor? He was your friend! Don't you care?
Zaphod: Naah! He's a god. They're ineffable. He died to save this planet. That's gonna get a scrillion clicks on the sub-etha and I own the rights!

Thor (on comm-screen): Hey, Zaphod. It's me, Thor. I'm not dead.
Zaphod: I knew it!
Thor (on comm-screen): It was the martyr comment, like you said. I was walking along the big bomb, thinking that it might kill me, then the humans would think I died for them. So when I heard the missile's self-destruct sequence come in, I gave it a hundred percent up to the Vogon ship and hid in their pipework. Once they took off into hyperspace, I jumped off. Got to have to sign off. Got a call on another line.
Left Brain: Hey, Zaph baby. You really think your client was dead?
Zaphod: Of course not. You can't kill a god.
Left Brain: What about that bomb they used against him?
Zaphod: The QUEST? Who do you think sold that to the Vogons? I'm surprised it didn't fall out of the sky! I put a lawnmower engine on that thing.
Left Brain: You sold them a *bomb*?
Zaphod: I sold them a *dud*!

APPENDIX A: THE NOVELS


THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
DOUGLAS ADAMS
Based on the famous Radio series
The Restaurant at the End of the Universe
DOUGLAS ADAMS
The sequel to
THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
Life, the universe and everything
In the beginning was The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy. Then came The Restaurant at the End of the Universe. For further information, read on . . .
DOUGLAS ADAMS
Douglas Adams
So long, and thanks for all the fish
The fourth book in the Hitch-Hiker trilogy
DOUGLAS ADAMS
Mostly Harmless
The fifth book in the increasingly inaccurately named Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy trilogy
DOUGLAS ADAMS' HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
PART SIX OF THREE
And another thing...
EOIN COLFER

In which…

Most of the novels follow the plot of the radio series in most major respects (or vice versa for the third book onwards, as those novels were published first). The first book, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* itself, covers Fits One to Four of the Primary Series. It expands on the radio version, adding in such scenes as Zaphod stealing the *Heart of Gold*, but in most respects, it's the same story. Instead of the Magrathean computer bank exploding, the novel ends with the five main characters deciding to head for the Restaurant at the End of the Universe. The second novel, *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*, is where most divergence occurs. This book incorporates many of the elements from Fits Five and Six of the Primary Phase and from the Secondary Phase, but presents them in a different narrative order. Several characters are completely excised: the Haggunenons are replaced by Hotblack Desiato; the Frogstar Prisoner Relations Officer is missing; the Lintillas and their subplot are gone, along with Poodoo and his associates; the Wise Old Bird, indeed the planet Brontitall in its entirety, is removed; and Hig Hurtenflurst and his Footwarriors don't appear, though the Shoe Event Horizon is covered. As *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* diverges so much from the radio series, a synopsis is provided. Stats for some of the additional characters from the novel are included in Appendix B.

The next three novels were adapted for radio by Dirk Maggs after Douglas Adams' death. Dirk was keen to stay as close to Douglas's vision for these stories as possible, so the radio versions remain close to the narrative of the books. *So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish* and *Mostly Harmless* had to be trimmed somewhat as the Quandary and Quintessential Phases are only four episodes apiece, but the main narrative and characters are all intact. Dirk decided to add a more upbeat ending to the Quintessential Phase, as *Mostly Harmless* ends with most of the main characters being killed when the Earth is destroyed (again). Douglas had regretted ending the series so bleakly and Dirk felt that, had he lived, he may have written a sixth novel to rescue Arthur and friends. One perhaps unfortunate inclusion in the coda added by Dirk is a brief scene in which Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged arrives at Milliways to insult the Great Prophet Zarquon, who promptly removes his immortality. When Eoin Colfer wrote the sixth novel *And Another Thing…* a few years later, a key plot point was that Wowbagger loses his immortality in a fight with Thor. A quick fix for this discontinuity is to make the reasonable assumption that these are two different Wowbaggers from two different realities.

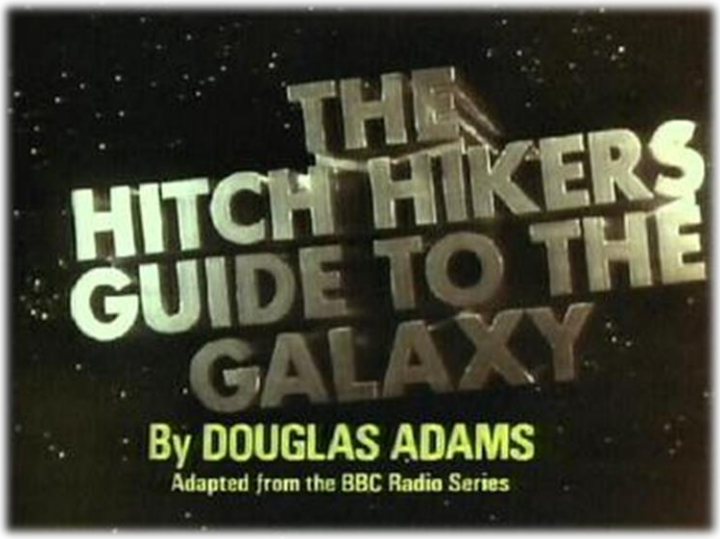
THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE

Leaving Magrathea aboard the *Heart of Gold*, Arthur, Ford, Zaphod, Trillian and Marvin are pursued by a Vogon ship hired by a group of psychiatrists who want to prevent the Ultimate Question being revealed. Arthur asks the Nutrimatic Machine for a cup of tea, which results in Eddie being so tied up with the problem that the *Heart of Gold* is unable to escape. Zaphod holds a séance to contact his great-grandfather Zaphod Beeblebrox the Fourth for help. He tells Zaphod that he must find the Ruler of the Universe, and sends him and Marvin to the publishers of the *Hitchhiker's Guide* on Ursa Minor Beta. There, Roosta takes Zaphod to the office of an executive, Zarniwoop.

The building is attacked by Frogstar Fighters, which tow it to the Frogstar World B, a planet whose civilisation has collapsed due to it crossing the Shoe Event Horizon. Zaphod is to be put in the Total Perspective Vortex and, although he tries to escape, he is caught by the Vortex's disembodied custodian, Gargravarr. Nevertheless, Zaphod emerges from the Vortex unharmed, believing himself to be the most important being in the universe. He eventually finds Zarniwoop in an old spaceship in a derelict spaceport. Zarniwoop reveals that since Zaphod entered his office, he has been inside an artificial universe and has been carrying the microscopically shrunken *Heart of Gold* in his pocket. Reunited with Ford, Arthur and Trillian, they escape to the Restaurant at the End of the Universe, which was built on the ruins of the Frogstar World B. There, they find Marvin and steal a spaceship belonging to rock star Hotblack Desiato. But it turns out to be a stunt ship programmed to dive into a sun as part of his concert. They use the ship's teleporter set on random coordinates to escape, leaving Marvin behind to operate the controls.

Zaphod and Trillian find themselves back on the *Heart of Gold*, now being piloted by Zarniwoop to the planet of the Ruler of the Universe. He turns out to be a man living in a shack caring for his cat and not believing that much of the universe actually exists. Zaphod and Trillian abandon Zarniwoop and take the *Heart of Gold*. Meanwhile, Arthur and Ford have found themselves on board the Golgafrinchan Ark Fleet Ship B, which shortly crashes on what turns out to be Earth two million years in the past. The Golgafrinchans are unsuited to colonisation, but they are destined to become the human race as the native Neanderthals are dying out. As the Neanderthals are part of the mice's original computer program, Arthur and Ford realise they may have the Ultimate Question somewhere inside them. Arthur uses his Pocket Scrabble set to get a Neanderthal to draw random tiles. It results in "*What do you get if you multiply six by nine?*" Arthur and Ford have no choice but to settle down on prehistoric Earth, and Arthur throws his copy of the Guide into a river.

APPENDIX B: THE TV SERIES



In which…

For most of its six episodes, the BBC TV series follows the plot of the Primary Phase of the radio version. The major diversion is during episodes 5 and 6, in which – as in the novel *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* - Arthur, Ford, Zaphod, Trillian and Marvin steal a starship belonging to rock star Hotblack Desiato (frontman of Disaster Area, the loudest rock band in the galaxy), instead of the flagship of the Haggunenon admiral. They quickly realise that it's a stunt ship pre-programmed to dive into the sun of Kakrafoon. To escape a fiery fate, the others have Marvin teleport them off the ship but to random coordinates, leaving the paranoid android behind. Arthur and Ford arrive on the Golgafrinchan B Ark, and the story continues from that point as in Fit the Sixth of the radio series. In addition to Hotblack Desiato and his bodyguard, the TV series also features a number of other characters and concepts which weren't in the radio series but which had been added to the first two novels. Stats for some of these are included in this Appendix.

JOO JANTA 200 SUPER-CHROMATIC PERIL SENSITIVE SUNGLASSES
(Minor Gadget)

Guide Extract: Joo Janta 200 Super-Chromatic Peril Sensitive Sunglasses have been specially designed to help people develop a relaxed attitude to danger. At the first hint of trouble, they turn totally black and thus prevent you from seeing anything that might alarm you.

Game Effect: Whenever the sunglasses turn black, their wearer must make an Awareness + Ingenuity roll at Difficulty 15. If they fail the roll, they gain a +2(+1/+2/+3) bonus to all rolls to resist fear. If they succeed, they have a -2(-1/-2/-3) penalty to all such rolls. The resulting bonus or penalty lasts until the sunglasses are removed or they determine that the danger has passed and become normal sunglasses again.

Traits: Resist Fear (see text), Impaired Senses (Major: Unable to see while the sunglasses remain black)
Story Points: 1

Ford: I will have to include a revision pointing out that since the Vogons made so much money being professionally unpleasant, they can afford to employ Dentrassi cooks. Which gives us a rather useful little loophole
Arthur: Who are the Dentrassi?
Ford: The best cooks and the best drinks mixers, and they don't give a wet slap about anything else. And they will always help hitchhikers on board, partly because they like the company, but mostly because it annoys the Vogons.

DENTRASSI

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	2
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	2

SKILLS
Craft (Cooking) 5, Subterfuge 3, Technology 2

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Unattractive

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 1-3

THE DISH OF THE DAY
(AMEGLIAN MAJOR COW)

"May I urge you to consider my liver?"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	2
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Convince 2

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Eccentric (Major) – Bred to want to be eaten
Trade Value (Minor)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 1

Dish of the Day: Good evening. I am the main Dish of the Day. May I interest you in parts of my body? Something off the shoulder perhaps? Braised in a little white wine sauce?
Arthur: Er, *your* shoulder?!
Dish of the Day: But naturally *my* shoulder, sir. Nobody else's is mine to offer.

HOTBLACK DESIATO

"..."

AWARENESS	-	PRESENCE	-
COORDINATION	-	RESOLVE	-
INGENUITY	-	STRENGTH	-

SKILLS
None

TRAITS
Distinctive
Fame (Major)
Friends (Minor) – Disaster Area rock band and management
Special – Dead for Tax Reasons: May take no actions at all until revived to life
Wealthy (Major)

TECH LEVEL: N/A
STORY POINTS: 0

Zaphod: Hi, Ford. You speak to the big noise boy?
Ford: Hotblack? I sort of spoke to him, yeah.
Zaphod: What'd he say?
Ford: Well, not a lot really. He's... er...
Zaphod: Yeah?
Ford: He's spending a year dead for tax reasons.

DISASTER AREA'S STUNT SHIP

Armour: 4. **Hit Capacity:** 20. **Speed:** 8*.

Traits: Teleport, Transmit, Travel,
Restriction – Pre-programmed to dive into the sun of Kakrafoon (Difficulty 18 Ingenuity + Transport roll to re-program
Story Points: 2

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space

HOTBLACK DESIATO'S BODYGUARD

"I'm the guy that's telling you to beat it, before it gets beaten for you."

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	1	STRENGTH	6

SKILLS
Convince 2, Fighting 4, Marksman 4

TRAITS
Distinctive
Menacing
Obligation (Major) – Hotblack Desiato
Tough

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4

APPENDIX C: YOUNG ZAPHOD PLAYS IT SAFE

In which…

Young Zaphod runs the Beeblebrox Salvage and Really Wild Stuff Corporation. He has been hired to take some officials from the Safety and Civil Reassurance Administration to the site of a sunken spaceship that was carrying some extremely dangerous items for disposal in a black hole. Among these are three identical Designer People, creations of Sirius Cybernetics with personalities comprised of combinations of characteristics that cannot naturally co-exist. These three are dangerous because there's nothing they will not do if allowed and, because they don't raise alarm bells in other people, there is nothing they will not be allowed to do. One of the Designer People escapes and heads towards a planet in Galactic Sector ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha, the location of Earth. An Administration official orders the planet to be made "perfectly safe".

Young Zaphod Plays It Safe is a short story by Douglas Adams that first appeared in *The Utterly Utterly Merry Comic Relief Christmas Book* in 1986 and has since been reprinted in several other books, including in a revised version. In the original, it is implied but not stated that the Designer Person who escapes becomes Ronald Reagan, who was then President of the United States. The revised version makes this explicit.

DESIGNER PERSON

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	6
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	2	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 6

TRAITS
Charming
Eccentric (Major) – Nothing they will not do if allowed, irrespective of the consequences
Special – Nothing They Will Not Be Allowed to Do: Any character wishing to oppose a Designer Person in any way must first succeed at a contest of their Resolve + Convince against the Designer Person's Presence + Convince + Charming bonus

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4-6

Most of them were just poor pathetic misfits, but some were deeply, deeply dangerous. Dangerous because they didn't ring alarm bells in other people. They could walk through situations the way that ghosts walk through walls, because no one spotted the danger… They are not evil, in fact they are rather simple and charming. But they are the most dangerous creatures that ever lived because there is nothing they will not do if allowed, and nothing they will not be allowed to do…

APPENDIX D: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GENGHIS KHAN

In which…

After a long day hacking people to pieces, Genghis Khan likes nothing better than to force a terrified peasant woman to ask him how his day has been and how his work is going, and to nag him for a bit. Genghis is getting a tad bored with all the conquering and pillaging. He's beginning to think there must be more to life. After the Battle of Samarkand, Genghis puts off his conquest of the world because he has too many other diary commitments. As he's discussing this with his son Ogdai, Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged arrives to insult the Khan, who is so incensed that he burns down Asia and storms into Europe.

"Khan!" interrupted Ogdai urgently, "we are on the point of conquering the world!" He stabbed at the map with a knife, catching the servant beneath a nasty nick on his left lung.

"When?" said Khan with a frown.

Ogdai threw up his arms in exasperation. "Tomorrow!" he said, "we start tomorrow!"

"Ah, well, tomorrow's a bit difficult, you see," said Khan. He puffed out his cheeks and thought for a moment. "The thing is that next week I've got this lecture on carnage techniques in Bokhara, and I thought I'd use tomorrow to prepare it."

Ogdai stared at him in astonishment as the map-bearing servant slowly collapsed on his foot.

"Well, can't you put that off?" he exclaimed.

"Well you see, they've paid me quite a lot of money for it already, so I'm a bit committed."

GENGHIS KHAN

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	6
COORDINATION	4	RESOLVE	6
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Athletics 5 (AoE Horsemanship), Convince 6, Fighting 5, Marksman 5, Survival 4

TRAITS
Animal Friendship
Authority (Major)
Indomitable
Quick Reflexes
Ruthless
Tough
Voice of Authority

EQUIPMENT
Mongol Armour (3 points)
Sword: Strength +2 damage
Bow & Arrows: 2(1/2/3) damage

TECH LEVEL: 2
STORY POINTS: 8

The Private Life of Genghis Khan is another Douglas Adams short story that first appeared in *The Utterly Utterly Merry Comic Relief Christmas Book* in 1986. At time of writing, it's still available to read at douglasadams.com

APPENDIX E: STARSHIP TITANIC

In which…

At the heart of the galaxy, the *Starship Titanic*, the most technologically advanced and beautiful starship ever created, a starship that cannot possibly go wrong, is preparing for launch. Its award-winning designer, Leovinus, realises that corners have been cut in its construction in order to save costs. Titania, the AI Omnibot which is the heart, the mind and the soul of *Titanic* has had her cerebral artery removed, and the ship's robots are unable to function properly. Leovinus discovers that it's all down to sabotage by his accountant Droot Scraliontis as part of an insurance fraud scheme. Although Scraliontis soon falls to his death, the launch proceeds. But *Titanic* immediately undergoes SMEF (Spontaneous Massive Existence Failure) and disappears, rematerialising on Earth, where it crushes a property being inspected by a group of potential purchasers. , Leovinus is stranded on Earth while *Starship Titanic* recruits three humans to help repair itself. As the humans seek to upgrade their class status (in order to be able to speak to the captain), fix the ship's central computer and defuse a nuclear bomb, they encounter malfunctioning robots, normally-peaceful Yassaccan craftsmen-raiders and, worst of all, insurance loss adjusters.

Starship Titanic is an adventure game released in 1998 for Microsoft Windows and in 1999 for Apple Mackintosh. It was written and designed by Douglas Adams, and was based on a mention of the eponymous starship in his third *HHGTTG* novel, *Life, the Universe and Everything*. The game is therefore set within the world of *HHGTTG*.

In advance of the game's release, a novelisation written by Terry Jones (who also provided one of the voices in the game) was published in 1997 under the title *Douglas Adams's Starship Titanic*, and was adapted as a radio drama by Ian Billings and broadcast on BBC Radio 4 in 2021.

LEOVINUS

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	4
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	3

SKILLS
Convince 3, Craft (Starship Design) 6, Knowledge 2, Technology 4 (AoE Engineering), Transport 4

TRAITS
Distinctive – Artificial hair, beard & eyebrows
Fame (Major)
Mental Calculator

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 4

YASSACCAN CRAFTSMAN-RAIDER

AWARENESS	4	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
Craft (various) 6, Marksman 2, Technology 4

TRAITS
Impoverished – Bankrupted as a result of their work on the *Titanic* having been stolen
Obsession (Major) – Quality craftsmanship (and hatred of poor craftsmanship)

EQUIPMENT
Simulated Destruction Weapon – Gives the momentary impression of having caused devastation while only doing Stun damage

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 2-4

TITANIC ROBOTS

AWARENESS	2	PRESENCE	1
COORDINATION	2	RESOLVE	1
INGENUITY	1	STRENGTH	4

SKILLS
A single point in a Skill relevant to its function

TRAITS
Machine
Robot
Weakness (Minor) – Multiple faults mean that Titania and every robot and AI on board must make an appropriate Attribute + Skill roll for any attempted action, with all results reduced by 1 level of success

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 1-2

TITANIA'S CEREBRAL ARTERY

Titania's cerebral artery resembles a glowing silver shard. If recovered and restored to her, she immediately adds the following to her robot stats: Ingenuity 6, Presence 4, Resolve 4, Knowledge 3, Technology 5, Transport 6, Networked (Major: Titanic and all its AIs).

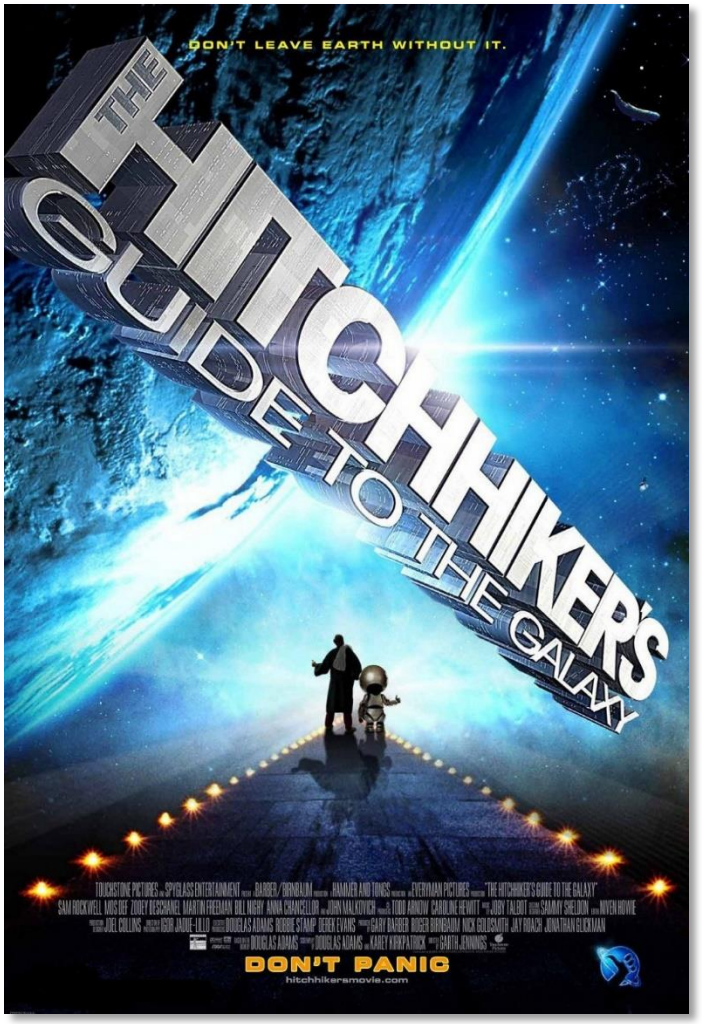
STARSHIP TITANIC (fully functional)

Armour: 6. **Hit Capacity:** 100. **Speed:** 8*.

Traits: Scan, Teleport, Transmit, Travel (Major), Vortex
Story Points: 14

*Add Pilot's Coordination and multiply by 100 for manoeuvring in real space

APPENDIX F: THE MOVIE



In which…

Arthur Dent discovers that his house is to be demolished to make way for a bypass. He's trying to prevent this when his friend Ford Prefect arrives and persuades him to come to the pub with him. Ford reveals that he's an alien from the vicinity of Betelgeuse and that the Earth is about to be demolished by the Vogons to make way for a hyperspace express route. To escape the destruction, Ford stows them both away on board the Vogon ship. They are discovered and have to endure Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz's poetry recital before being shoved out of an airlock.

In a highly improbable turn of events, Arthur and Ford are rescued by the starship *Heart of Gold*, aboard which are Ford's semi-cousin Zaphod Beeblebrox, an Earth woman named Tricia "Trillian" McMillan who Arthur once met at a fancy dress party, and Marvin, a depressed robot. Zaphod is the President of the Galaxy but has stolen the *Heart of Gold* in order to find the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe and Everything, the answer to which is 42 as determined by the supercomputer Deep Thought. He believes that the Question can be found on the planet Magrathea, which can only be accessed by the *Heart of Gold*'s Infinite Improbability Drive.

Using the Improbability Drive, they arrive on Viltvodle Six, home of Zaphod's political opponent Humma Kavula, now a religious leader. Humma, a former space pirate and cyborg with multiple robotic legs, provides the coordinates for Magrathea in exchange for Zaphod recovering the Point-of-View Gun, which temporarily forces a subject to see things from the perspective of its user. Before they leave Viltvodle Six, Trillian is captured by the Vogons and learns that Zaphod accidentally signed the order for the demolition of Earth, thinking he was just signing his autograph. The others rescue Trillian from the Vogsphere, but they are now pursued by the Vogons led by Prostetnic Vogon Kwaltz and Galactic Vice-President Questular Rontok for the theft of the *Heart of Gold*. Questular is secretly in love with Zaphod and prefers to believe he's been kidnapped.

Arriving on Magrathea, Arthur and Marvin are left outside while the others enter a portal and meet Deep Thought. It reveals that after coming up with the Answer 42, its creators had it design another computer to come up with the Question. That computer was the Earth.

Meanwhile, Arthur meets Slartibartfast, a Magrathean who helped build the Earth. He takes Arthur into a pocket dimension in which a second Earth is being constructed. On this new Earth, they meet the pan-dimensional beings who commissioned it. They appear to be mice and are having dinner with Zaphod, Trillian and Ford. Once they realise who Arthur is, the mice believe they might be able to extract the Question by dissecting his brain. Arthur flees.

Questular Rontok arrives with the Vogons, but Marvin uses the Point-of-View Gun on them, making them all as depressed as him. The Vogons are taken away, Zaphod is reunited with Questular, and the new Earth is completed. Arthur, Trillian and Ford decide to explore the galaxy together, their first stop being the Restaurant at the End of the Universe.

VILTVODLE SIX

Guide Extract: In the beginning, the universe was created. This made a lot of people very angry, and been widely regarded as a bad move. Many races believed that it was created by some sort of god, though the Jatravartid people of Viltvodle Six firmly believed that the entire Universe was sneezed out of the nose of a being called the Great Green Arkleseizure. The Jatravartids, who lived in perpetual fear of the time they called the Coming of Great White Handkerchief, were small blue creatures with more than fifty arms each. They were therefore unique in being the only race in history to have invented the aerosol deodorant before the wheel.

THINKING CAP (Minor Gadget)

Ford: They have these on Arcturan megafreighters. They use them when they need to concentrate.
Arthur: What is it?
Ford: A thinking cap.

Game Effect: The thinking cap is a white helmet with a lemon squeezer on top. When a lemon is juiced with the lemon squeezer, the wearer's concentration and thinking power is improved. The effect lasts around ten minutes per lemon.

Traits: Attribute (Ingenuity +2), Restriction – Requires a fresh lemon every ten minutes
Story Points: 1

Zaphod: During the campaign, Humma, when you were my opponent running against me, you said I was stupid.
Humma Kavula: The election is ancient history, Zaphod, but if memory serves, you won, proving that good looks and charm win over brilliance and the ability to govern. And, incidentally, you are stupid.

HUMMA KAVULA

"Don't Vote for Stupid!"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	5
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	4
INGENUITY	4	STRENGTH	2

SKILLS
Convince 5, Knowledge 4, Marksman 1, Subterfuge 5, Technology 2

TRAITS
Additional Limbs x2 (multiple telescopic robotic legs)
Arrogant
Cyborg
Distinctive
Friends x2 (Major) – Friends in high places
Friends (Minor) – Church of the Great Green Arkleseizure
Wealthy (Major)

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 6

QUESTULAR RONTOK

"She's lying. She's skinny, and she's pretty, and she's lying!"

AWARENESS	3	PRESENCE	3
COORDINATION	3	RESOLVE	3
INGENUITY	3	STRENGTH	2

SKILLS
Convince 4, Knowledge 3, Subterfuge 1, Technology 2, Transport 1

TRAITS
Authority (Major)
Devotion – Zaphod Beeblebrox
Emotional Complication (Major) - Jealous of Trillian
Passionate Love – Zaphod Beeblebrox

TECH LEVEL: 8
STORY POINTS: 6

Questular Rontok (on comms screen): This is Vice-President Questular Rontok. I am speaking to the kidnapper of the President?
Zaphod (aside): She digs me.
Questular Rontok (on comms screen): Surrender the stolen vessel at once or we will take action as defined and permitted by section 1-8 of the Galactic Interstellar Space Bylaws. Zaphod, please come back now. This is ridiculous.

PROSTETNIC VOGON KWALTZ

"Rules are rules."

AWARENESS	**2**	**PRESENCE**	**3**
COORDINATION	**2**	**RESOLVE**	**5**
INGENUITY	**3**	**STRENGTH**	**4**

SKILLS
Knowledge 3, Marksman 3, Technology 2, Transport 1

TRAITS
Alien
Alien Appearance
Argumentative
By the Book
Environmental (Minor) – Amphibious
Repulsive
Tough
Unattractive
Voice of Authority

TECH LEVEL: 7
STORY POINTS: 4

Kwaltz: Mr President tests my patience. This time I shall pursue him myself. Ready my ship!
Questular Rontok: Fantastic. At last!
A siren sounds.
Kwaltz: That's one hour for lunch, everybody.
The Vogons all wander away, leaving Questular speechless.
Kwaltz: I think I'll have soup today.

Ford: OK, don't think. Nobody think. No ideas. No theories. No nothing.
They all try not to think for a few seconds, then are slapped in the face as slapsticks flip up out of the ground like evil garden rakes.
Ford/Arthur/Zaphod: Ow!

VOGON SLAPSTICK

ATTRIBUTES: Strength 1, Coordination 1, Awareness 3
SKILLS: Fighting 2
TRAITS: Alien Senses (Thoughts and ideas; opponents trying to avoid thinking require an Awareness + Resolve roll each Round against the slapstick's Awareness + Awareness), Burrowing, Invisible (Major Good: Largely hidden underground), Lurker (gains additional +2 bonus to attack if undetected)
TECH LEVEL: N/A **STORY POINTS:** 1

POINT-OF-VIEW GUN (Minor Gadget)

Traits: Hypnosis (Minor: Makes the target feel the same as the firer)
Story Points: 1

APPENDIX G: ADVENTURE SEEDS

MOGGA

Zaphod is running for election as President of the Galaxy again, and his campaign rallies resound with chants of "*Make Our Galaxy Great Again!*" With his own natural charisma and Left Brain as his campaign manager, he surely can't lose! But why does he want to be President this time? Zaphod himself wants to know and has asked his friends to help him find out. Could it have something to do with a recurring dream in which his personal brain-care specialist Gag Halfrunt speaks to him urgently about something he can never remember when he wakes? And what's with the robot in cricket whites setting up on the grassy knoll opposite Zaphod's campaign headquarters? Will Beeblebrox survive long enough to be able to celebrate his re-election?

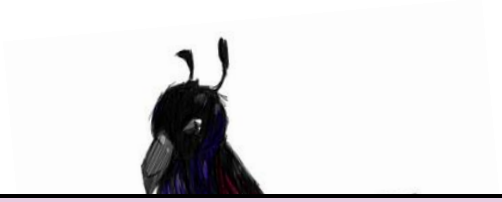
CAFFEINE WARS

On Nano, the only human planet left in the entire multiverse, Random Dent has noticed the recent proliferation of coffee shops. The Nanites have become hooked on coffee like never before, drinking it to excess. As a result, they're wired up, jittery, unable to sleep properly and very *very* irritable. But the more coffee shops open, the more coffee they drink. There's a seemingly limitless variety in the ways that coffee can be made, the types of beans used, the dairy and non-dairy alternatives available, the sprinkles and garnishes that can be added, the largely impractical designs of cups and mugs to serve coffee in, and even the little patterns that can be drawn in the foam on top. Where will it all end?

The cause of all this is hidden away on Nano's single moon. Hig Hurtenflurst has realised that the Shoe Event Horizon has become too well known a phenomenon, so he's taken the business practices he learned at Dolmansaxlil and applied them to the coffee shop sector. Hig is now an even risinger young executive with the Costarnero Coffee Corporation and has set up a Caffeinator Ray on the moon to make the Nanites crave more and more coffee. Random and friends need to locate and disarm the ray if Nano isn't to slip over the Coffee Shop Tipping Point, with dire effects on its economy and civilisation. But at the first sign of subversion, Hig will send in his crack squad of barista commandos. To make matters worse, none of them can make a decent cup of tea!

STRITERAX 2, REST OF THE UNIVERSE 0

Slartibartfast is worried. The Magratheans have received another special order that has again awakened them from their slumbers. In the vast hyperspace workshops within Magrathea, a new planet is being created from blueprints received by sub-etha from the deep past. The planet is to be Striterax 2, an exact recreation of the home of the long extinct but entirely unmourned Silastic Armorfiends. Worse, the blueprints include a digital copy of the Armorfiends' genetic code so that they will be resurrected with their planet. Slartibartfast knows that if the Silastic Armorfiends are let loose upon the universe again, trillions will die, and the potatoes will take quite a pounding too. But Magrathea always honours its contracts. After all, Altairian dollars are thicker than water!



THE WISHING BIRD

When the Guide Mark II had completed its programmed mission and every version of Earth was irrevocably destroyed, it folded up its bird-construct form and vanished into nothingness. Except that the Bird has now popped out of a white hole and found its way to a bucolic little backwater of a planet in the region of Rigel. Without any further orders programmed into it, it is occupying itself by granting the wishes of the locals. Bottomless tankards of rough cider and unlimited free access to the premium sports channels are all very well, but soon enough it will attract the attention of somebody with much more imagination and far greater ambition. The only way to ensure this never happens is by destroying the Bird for good. But how do you destroy something which was created to be inherently indestructible?

SIRIUS MISCONDUCT

Historically, the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation legal department has been the place to be for any up and coming lawyers looking to specialise in the field of corporate law with a side order of personal injuries cases. But with a new Head of Department, Sirius lawyers have pretty much given up on the largely deskbound aspects of their jobs – the paperwork, video conferences, the endless plates of biscuits in inter-departmental meetings – in favour of a more robust approach to defending their company. Sirius Cybernetics' new general counsel has armed her team to the teeth and sent them out to prevent any claims against the Corporation with extreme prejudice. These legal trouble-shooters have orders to respond to all distress calls received from Sirius Cybernetics products and literally shoot the trouble. Or the customer, as they're more usually known. Naturally, aboard the *Heart of Gold*, it is only a matter of time before Arthur Dent once again abuses a door or a drinks dispenser, and shortly afterwards finds himself looking down the barrel of a Tortmaster-5000 Rapid-Fire Legitimiser!

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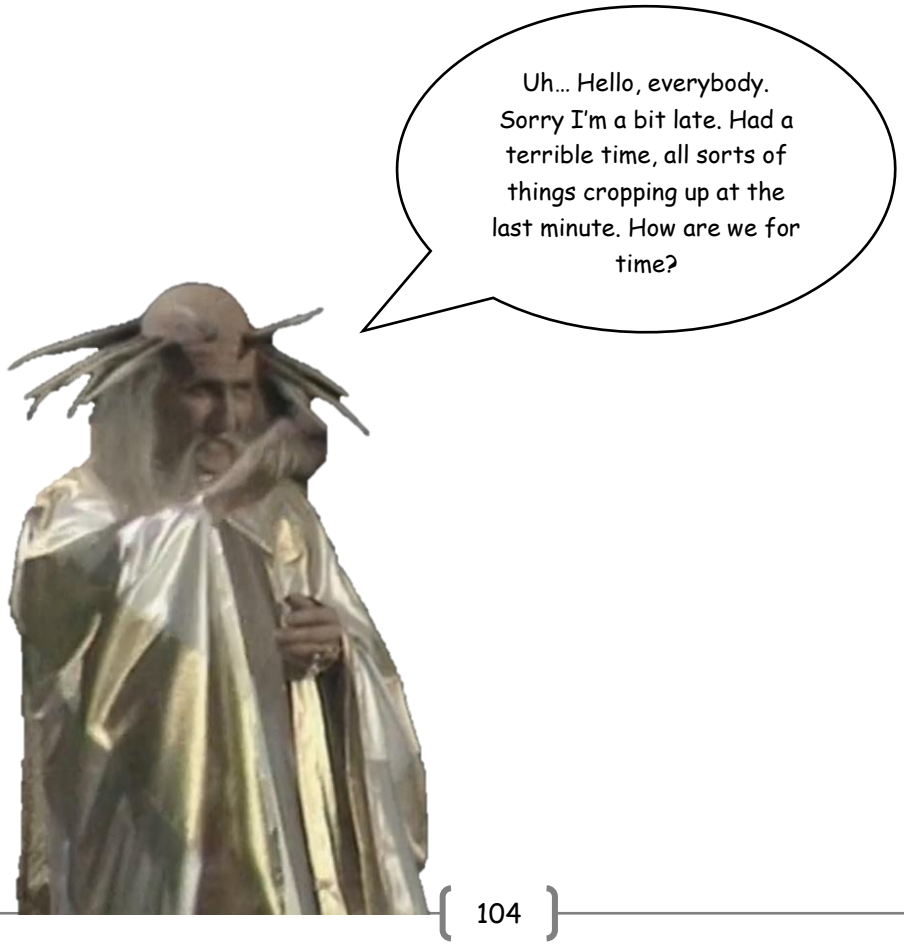
And finally, a big hand please for the Second Coming of the Great Prophet Zarquon!


Uh... Hello, everybody. Sorry I'm a bit late. Had a terrible time, all sorts of things cropping up at the last minute. How are we for time?